

# THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, AND POLITE LITERATURE.

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## FOREIGN CRITICISM ON ART.

WHEN an English artist finds himself for the first time in the exhibition room of any school of painting which he has not been previously taught to look upon as an authority, the first sentiment by which he is inspired is that of disgust. He is more immediately offended by the peculiar conventionalities on which the general manner of the school is founded, than attracted by the individual excellence of the works. This feeling is universal, and is never entirely overcome. If a critic could at all times refer to Nature as his standard, and by it measure correctly the comparative approximation to that standard of every variety of artistic intention, a scale of proportions among nations might soon be obtained in reference to comparative accomplishment. But the artist of every country is too apt to substitute the mannerism of his own school for the natural type, and to despise all merit that is not eminent for that one component that he has so long been accustomed to consider the most desirable. This careful nurture of a single quality is like the love of a foolish parent for a pet child, which spoils its object by indulgence, while it neglects its brothers and sisters; and the peculiarity of the school is very liable to be carried to excess; the excess itself becoming the standard by which the artist measures the productions of those who (their endeavours being governed by another peculiarity of intention—another pet child of the same family), have left the chief quality, he had tended so carefully, among those they cared the least about. Thus we shall find that one school considers drawing so super-eminent that its presence is allowed to excuse the deficiency of sentiment, texture, colour, and tone. A critic of such a

school judges every other with reference to form merely. Another section will insist that colour is the one thing needful, and takes pains to show its contempt for purity of design, as a mere mechanical acquirement that is at all times within the grasp of ordinary industry. These would judge of all pictures but in relationship with brilliancy of effect. There are others who, like "Verax," of the *Times*, preach the doctrine that tone is the "very essence" of high art; and would sacrifice any quantity of truth by amalgamating the infinity of natural variety in hue that relatively indicate space and distance into the one convenality of effect which they have chosen to call *harmony*. These would elevate a leathery and foggy appearance to the rank of an excellence in a picture, and shun all natural imitation as something to be avoided upon principle. Then we have those who are mere copyers of texture and patient imitators of detail, but who are, too often, careless of a whole, and are willing to sacrifice breadth of design to minuteness of finish. These will perceive in largely-treated handling little more than a substitution of sketchy rashness for that patience of endeavour a work of art should exact from the artist. Perhaps the worst, as being the most dogmatic of them all, is the sentimental critic, who treats every other quality but expression as not merely inferior to, but entirely unnecessary for, its true development; and will discover refinement in expression so complete, in not merely tolerably executed specimens, but in the very accidental results of the most unskilled, that he assumes a certain amount of artistic ability to be an acquired incompetence for producing the delicacies he delights to honour. To suit these exquisites, all works that have been executed, since attempt had merged into accomplishment, must be destroyed. The comfort, is, however, that, with few exceptions, this class of critic is never an artist. He is usually some literary Solon, who has been driven to write upon art from the belief that his ignorance on that subject, though, perhaps, greater than on any other, is less demonstrable. He does not take the principles on which he judges from the artist, because it would be tedious, and, perhaps, to him impossible; but, dressing himself in the hacknied verbiage of his class, writes variations upon the old tune *ad libitum et infinitum*, and is positive to become plausible.

It will appear to our readers self-evident that every one of these qualities, with many others that it would be tedious to enumerate, though each have their disciples, are such absolute requisites to a fine picture, that the *beau idéal* of a work of high art is the image of one in which they are all equally and sufficiently considered. It is, therefore, vain to hope for excellence in any school in which these various qualities are but partially taken into account. But in no one school are they all upon

a fair equality; and, therefore, each, in judging of the rest, is biassed by the predilection that taints those among whom he has been a student.

If the artist, whose life has been employed in a search for the principles upon which to judge, is liable to be so affected, how much more is the amateur critic, who has no principles whatever to direct him, likely to be prejudiced, when called to the observation of works that are so different in their very intention from those with which his eyes are most familiar; as are the productions of every other country but that in which his notions have had their source?

A full consideration of this consequence will suggest to ourselves, that a too-hasty decision on the merits of a foreign school is liable to much error; and that some natural standard, rather than that we have ourselves produced, should furnish the gauge to measure by. We shall then, perhaps, discover that all schools may be approaching from different parts of a circle to the perfection lying in the centre; and that though two systems of art may approach that centre from opposite sides, the measure of the one's deficiency is to be calculated by its distance from that centre, and not from the position occupied by the other. Keeping this principle well in view, we shall not only be prevented from rashly condemning foreign eminence, but we shall also be prepared for a due estimate of the value of foreign opinion, tainted as it is by the prejudices we have referred to.

Thus, although the first feeling of an artist of any school upon entering a contemporary foreign exhibition room, is a dissatisfaction with all around him; the best feeling, and that he should encourage, is the desire of discovering (as the quality he most admires, it does not possess) what is the quality on which the reputation of its art is founded. This leads to analyzation; each work comes gradually out of the mass with which the general manner or conventionality of the school had confounded it, and something approaching to fairness of estimate will be the result. Then will the artist's knowledge of principles become useful, and it is not unlikely that a modification of his previous standard will be the consequence.

The knowledge of the existence of this prejudice, more or less in all minds, will also enable an artist to estimate at a proper value the opinions of foreigners on the productions of his own school. He will not then bestow more than due attention upon the consequential pronouncements of some wandering German, that, although possessing no authority at home, has the impertinence to consider himself, when in England, to be an apostolic missionary among a horde of artistic heretics; and, because he has been familiarized to the tea-board and snuff-box schools of art, denounces everything under the tone of tanned leather to be raw and crude. We do not wish to refuse the credit that is due to the

schools now existing beyond the Rhine; are ready to subscribe our acknowledgement of the high eminence of some among them in those qualities in which their eminence consists; and would bow to the reproach from a German *artist* for our deficiency in some of these qualities; but we know no difference between a German doctor and an Oxford graduate, and should as soon expect orthodox opinions on art from one as from the other. We cannot, therefore, perceive the obligation the editor of the *Art Union Advertiser* has conferred upon English art, by persuading one Dr. Foerster to visit England. "This," says the editor, with no little show of self-gratulation, "we may venture to say, chiefly in consequence of our suggestion, that he ought to do so,—and our entreaties that he would do so." The *Art Union Advertiser* gave a result of his visit in a criticism by the doctor on his return to Germany, in which it went upon the *claw-me-claw-thee*-principle; for it informs us that the *Kunstblatt*, the paper to which this doctor is an editor, quotes the *Art Union Advertiser*; this hy-thee-by, not saying much for the doctor's common on the subject.

We remember having our attention called to this result of the entreaty, and a comical affair it was; quite as comical as some of the entreating editor's own attempts in the same department. We have nothing to say to that at present; but as the *Art Union Advertiser* again quotes from the *Kunstblatt*, (the deuce take the name! that's the second pen we have spoiled,) we will examine the present specimen. The style is singularly incomprehensible, but whether this is attributable to the English or German editor, we have no evidence to decide. From the first-rate works of the exhibition the critic selects two, by W. Mulready, and A. Solomon!! Now Mr. Solomon's picture is a very clever picture for a young artist; but when he finds himself placed in such company he must be conscious of that kind of sensation that is felt by a man when any one is making fun of him. "The selection of the 'Bridal Dress'" he says, "is a most pleasing composition, full of elegance and graceful spirit, with a tincture of old fashionableness of accomplished execution!" What does the unpleasant name mean by that phrase? Not a word of the colour! Not a word of the truthfulness of expression! That wonderful picture might have been an outline, for anything the critic that was entreated to come and examine English art, tells his readers to the contrary. But the editor of the *Art Union Advertiser* tells us that it is "highly creditable to the judgment, as well as liberality of the writer," which information we find to be no credit to the judgment of the *Art Union* advertising editor. As for his liberality, we knew all about that before. Solomon's "Breakfast," the companion picture, the what-you-may-call-it says "is very successful in its characteristics as well as contrasts;" a remark that we must confess we do not comprehend at all. Of Poole's wonderful picture of "The Visitation to Sion Nunnery," he says, "There are talent and life in this picture, much variety in the expression of the heads, and skilful composition; but there is evidently too little earnestness, and even involuntary caricature is displayed." Here this wisecracker did not discover the great excellence of this picture; its wonderful reality and consistence of atmosphere in relation to hue; neither did he detect its great deficiency, as being weak and incorrect in the proportions of the figures. And this is the critic the *Art Union Advertiser* editor entreated to condescend for to come for to

go, for to give an opinion upon English art. Why, the *Art Union* advertising editor could have almost done as well himself; and we are not quite satisfied that these remarks have not been furnished by him to the "what-its-name," and, after having been twice translated, have been transferred to his own periodical as a literary curiosity. In another place the writer says, "I am, as it were, horrified with the extremely limited number of the historical painting of any eminence; and, I believe, that in no foreign exhibition could such a phenomenon occur!" He is, however, delighted with Mr. Dyce's "Madonna with the Infant Christ." Here he was at home, his own conventionality was before him, and he felt safe.

It would be tedious to go through the detail of this criticism, which is so fanciful in what it mentions and what it omits that we are compelled to the belief that the writer is either an entire innocent in art, or that his work has been intentionally garbled before being presented to the English reader; or how is it, that one, who sought for historical high art, overlooked Mr. Frost's beautiful picture of "Diana and Actæon?" Why is it that Mr. Frith's "Labourer's Return" is noticed, while his "Scene from Molière" is passed by? Why was he, when speaking of miniature, only induced to cite a few portraits by R. Thorburn and Sir W. J. Newton, when there were those exquisite specimens by Sir William Ross reproaching him for his stupidity or partiality. Let him take his choice?

We again repeat that we cannot perceive the advantage to English art in sending to Germany for a critic, that critic not being himself an artist. Let it be remembered, that the present movement in that country is entirely a government movement, and that the country does not possess among its population that sufficiency of appreciation for the works of the artist, that will secure employment to the artificially raised crop of painters it possesses. The desire of being proprietors of such works is no more an appetite among the people of Germany than it is among the people of England, if so much; and a wandering word-monger of that country can invent no nonsense on the subject more valuable than that with which the press is so amply furnished by the graduates of our own universities. Let therefore the editor of the *Art Union Advertiser*, when he next entreats the condescension of the editor of the *What-its-name*, keep the matter to himself, and claim no credit from the transaction.

H. C. M.

#### ENGLISH SINGERS, No. 4.

THERE is perhaps no art which suffers more from the busy meddling of officious amateurs than that of music. Every one who opens the mouth and calls it singing; every one who can make any, in all probability, the most execrable noise on the violin; and every nice young man who can blow into the German flute or twang the light guitar, imagines himself capable of giving directions, advice, and lectures on the art of music. A season of attendance at the opera is quite a fortune to any one in the amateur line to expatiate in voluble nonsense on all the cant phrases of the art; and an acquaintance with an artist of first rank, or it may be of even any rank, gives so much consequence and importance, that the amateur's dicta are received like the oracles of Delphi of old. —We, however, have not the same deference for amateur notions

on art; on the contrary, with a rare exception, an amateur, or one who thinks himself so, is generally about as self-sufficient a person on artistic matter as is to be found in the wide range of social life.

The notions amateurs entertain are various as the individuals, each having a hobby, which he rides to death.—Thus, one is for the old masters, another believes in nothing but modern excellence; here one places instrumental music on the highest pinnacle of perfection—the ears of another are open only to the dulcet warbling of some or other *cantatrice*. These are amateur notions;—and if we look into them and think what they seriously mean, we find that they have nothing to do with the art, and for a simple reason, the amateur knows nothing about it—how should he? How can the mere pastime of a leisure hour give any acquaintance with the arcana of a science. A man may furnish his rooms with the most finished productions of the loom or the plane. We may grant him, what is called a taste, an exquisite taste, in such matters. Does that give him a knowledge to interfere with the manufacturer or the maker?—And yet this is the predicament amateurs stand in with regard to music. We may grant him great feeling for what pleases him; let him prefer this, or that school of composition; let him admire instrumentalism; let him be ravished with the charms of singing, they are all and each to him as the furniture of his room. But we distinctly deny giving him any right of judging of the art, except as presented to him. And yet this officious intruding of advice, is what an amateur thinks his especial province. This displays itself in various ways. What we shall particularly notice now is the panacea prescribed for all English singers—Continental travel.

Continental travel is deemed the great end and object of every artist. An amateur having nothing to say recommends a young rising artist to travel abroad, and for what—for study? Now this is almost an impossibility under the excitement of visiting new places. For what then? To hear the artists abroad? The best are heard in this country. For what then? There are more theatres than in England, consequently a singer has more opportunities for getting an engagement—granted. The two first propositions then fall to the ground, and this is the nonsense dinned into a young person's ears. The fallacy of continental travel, as a means of improvement, is thus clearly shown. If after a student has stored his mind with knowledge, in short when he has become an artist, he then travels—some good may be expected;—though this after all may be questionable, for the old Horatian apothegm will to the thoughts recur—

"Cælum non animus mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

It depends altogether on the individual, whether or no any good will be derived. In the generality of instances more harm than good is done. And we boldly challenge any one to say which of our singers ever returned showing the least sign of improvement. Nay, the contrary, may be asserted—one and all have come back worse than they went. And on carrying on our catalogue we will take the last experimental specimen of continental travel.

Miss Bassano, who has just made her *débüt*, was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, originally as a pianoforte student. She entered in 1830, remaining there about two years; she subsequently left, and placed herself under the direction of Mr. Alexander Lee, for singing. She re-entered the Academy, as a singing student, in 1840, and remained there about three years. She was a pupil



of Mr. Crivelli during this period, and sung with considerable success at the concerts of the Institution and elsewhere. About a year after leaving, she was sent abroad with the notion that she would turn out a great dramatic singer, and she placed herself under the direction of Monsieur Michereau, at Milan, and subsequently under Mazzucato, we believe. Her first appearance on the stage was at Varese, in the opera of *Sonnambula*; she then had an engagement at Venice, and from thence went to Florence. Whether or no she was engaged there we do not know; but, at all events, during all this time—that is about two years—she does not appear to have made any great sensation. She returned to this country last spring, and sung at the Philharmonic and other concerts, giving, however, no indication of improvement. At length, as is now well known, she was engaged at the Princess's, and appeared last week in *Anna Boleyn*. We have already expressed our opinion of her performance in that opera, and her probable, or rather improbable, chance of success as a dramatic singer. We will not, however, take this statement, but rather we will refer to the article of the writer of the *Times*, who has said what he could in her praise, and yet ventures on this piece of advice. "If Miss Bassano be wise enough, and discreet enough, to estimate this friendly expression of a first-night enthusiasm at its proper value, and study arduously and conscientiously, we may reasonably expect great things of her future career. But if, on the other hand, she be satisfied with last night's ordeal, and set it down as a brilliant triumph; she is likely to remain, as many who have gone before her, in a state of unoffending mediocrity that cannot be the goal to which a true and aspiring artist lifts her eyes with longing." And this, it must be remembered, is the opinion expressed of one, evidently favourably disposed. It really is the unkindest cut of all! What! after nearly seventeen years of musical study—at least six of which have been devoted to the art of singing; two years abroad out of these six, with the other advantages of education. We quote again from the *Times*. "Two years residence in Italy has given her the opportunity of profiting by what was to be seen and heard in the land of song." And what is the result as regards the vocal art, for we do not here allude to the dramatic? Here again we quote the *Times*. "At times, her execution of florid passages is unerring and brilliant, at other times hesitating, and not seldom unfinished. In sostenuto phrases, her intonation rarely betrays her, but in fioriture, and passages of energy, it is not always so faithful." Without stopping to notice the way in which this assertion is made—we will go at once to the matter. What! again do we ask—after profiting by a two-years residence in Italy, in the land of song, to come back singing, not seldom unfinished, and her intonation not always so faithful; and this is now her position in which, if she is satisfied with a first night's enthusiastic reception, she is likely to remain, as many who have gone before her, in a state of unoffending mediocrity. This, of course, without any misconception must be put down as the state in which Miss Bassano, according to the writer of the *Times*, is at present. She may indeed say, Save me from my friends."

And such is the effect of Continental travel. Before she went, she was considered a rising artist, and never was guilty of the false intonation alluded to, and no doubt would have continued successfully in her career. But amateur notions of the immense

advantages of a visit to Italy sent her there, and if she continues in the state of an unoffending mediocrity, she may thank her advisers.

Miss Bassano's voice is a mezzo-soprano, with a compass of about two octaves and a half, from the lower G to the upper C. The middle tones of her voice are good, and she has some powerful lower tones; but they do not blend well with the rest of the voice, and the upper tones now are somewhat harsh, and thin, from having been strained; her execution, which we remember to have been good, is now defective, so also is her intonation. But as in our last number we entered fully into these matters, we shall not here repeat ourselves.

Miss Sarah Flower is a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music. She entered in the year 1841, and remained there about two years, during this period she studied singing under Mr. Crivelli. Her voice is a contralto, of probably the most beautiful quality that ever was heard, the compass extends from the E flat below to the B flat above, about two octaves and a half. The greater part is rich and melodious; the upper tones, as is generally the case with contraltos, are rather harsh. Miss Flower, however, makes good use of them in passages of *fioriture*, in which only they ought to be used. After leaving the academy, Miss Flower received an engagement at the Princess's Theatre; but, for some reason or other, she did not, we believe, make her appearance on the stage there, but at Drury Lane, under Mr. Macready's management, in the opera of *La Gazza Ladra*, taking the part of *Pippo*; Miss Sabilla Novello being the *prima donna* on the occasion. She subsequently appeared in *Tancredi*; and then, to the astonishment of every one, she was advertised to appear as *Amina*, in *Sonnambula*. A contralto to take a high soprano part! Such is the management at this theatre. As this was impossible, Miss Flower wisely cancelled the engagement. She afterwards went to Italy, where, however, we do not remember hearing that she even contemplated going on the stage. On her return, after some little time, she was again engaged at the Princess's, where she still continues. Miss Flower is not yet, we consider, in the position she ought to be with her fine voice and pure style of singing. We wonder the rival managers of the two Italian Operas, have not yet cast their eyes upon her; she would, unquestionably, be a great acquisition. They may travel all over the continent, and they will find no one even equal to her. An actress, she is, perhaps, a little stiff and cold, faults that, with a little care, may be overcome; but as a representative of the contralto parts in opera, as far as singing is concerned, we know of no one that can in any way come up to her.

C. J.

#### SALARIES OF ACTORS.

THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL in the fulfilment of the duties it has undertaken, is never at a loss for an antagonist. Indeed, the pressocracy has been so long permitted, without protest to indulge in a consequential interference in matters with which it has no qualification for meddling, that it is not surprising its contributors are continually committing themselves to some stupidity of assertion or imbecility of inference. The *Times* newspaper is singularly feculent with such *fangii*. Not

of the treaty on the *tipis* between Mrs. Butler satisfied with its own blunders, which are mighty and manifold, it seems to have become a sort of refuge for every species of absurdity that seeks an instrument for spreading error and misconception among the lieges. Our own announcement and Mr. Bunn, after having produced the publication of the correspondence itself, has led to a communication from one signing himself "A Playgoer," who, in a letter to "The Times" (of course,) has unburthened his overcharged mind as follows:—

"In the year 1765, David Garrick was at the head of the Drury Lane company, with a salary per night of £2 15s. 6d.; Mr. Yates (*the famous Othello*) and his wife, £3 6s. 8d.; Palmer and his wife, £2; King (*the celebrated Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby*), £1 6s. 8d.; Parsons (*the famous comedian*), £1 6s. 8d.; Mrs. Cibber, £2 10s.; Mrs. Pritchard, £2 6s. 8d.; Miss Pope (*the first of chambermaids*), 13s. 4d.; Signor Guastinelli (*chief singer*), £1 3s. 4d.; and Signior Grimaldi and his wife (*chief dancers*), £1. All the above persons were of first rate talent; *eating and drinking, indeed all the necessities of life*, were as expensive in the year 1765 as in the year 1847. Either actors and actresses in those days were underpaid, or the actors and actresses of the present day are overpaid."

In reply to "the Playgoer," we will first deal with his facts, and then with his conclusions; in which two processes we do not despair of being able to prove that, of the first, many are untrue, and the rest doubtful; while the second are not what he evidently intends they should be received for. Let it be remarked that "the Playgoer" does not furnish us with one authority for his facts; but sends them nakedly into the world through the medium of the *Times* Newspaper as simple avouchments of "a Playgoer;" placing before the public Mrs. Butler at one hundred pounds a night, and Mr. Garrick at £2 15s. 6d., and merely intimating that his readers should

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this!"

he leaves the matter to work its own effect upon their consideration. But when the public are reminded that Garrick, after the first two months of his engagement at Goodman's Fields, shared half the profits with the manager, the house being crowded to the ceiling every night, and that at the time "a Playgoer" puts down his salary at £2 15s. 6d., he was half proprietor of the theatre; that in 1765 he was in the early part of the year absent on a tour in France and Italy, and did not act at all until late in November, and then by the King's command; all this being set down in *Murphy's Life of Garrick*, something more than doubt will attach itself to the avouchments of the "Playgoer." To this may be added, that Yates was never a famous *Othello*, Barry being the actor so celebrated in that character, that Garrick resigned it to him. Another instance of confusion in the mind of one who would be a teacher.

But we have not done with the "Playgoer," we have some remarkable instances of high prices for actors; and we have vouchers for them of such sufficiency of authority as even the "Playgoer" will not dare to gainsay.

In 1743, there was a contest between the actors, headed by Garrick and Macklin, against the manager of Drury Lane Theatres (Fleetwood), upon this very subject of salary, and a war of

pamphlets was the consequence. There is, in the library of the British Museum, a volume of these paper bombshells; and in the first of them, entitled *Queries from the Malcontent Players, 1743*, we find the following passage:—"Did not Mr. Cibber, senior (Colley Cibber), receive *fifty, sixty, nay ninety pounds per night*, for acting, from the manager in question?" The replying pamphlet, entitled *Queries upon Queries, &c.*, without denying the above, but admitting it to be true (and an admission is the best of evidence), says:—"Did not Mr. Garrick receive *two hundred guineas* for three nights acting; and ought such an exorbitant demand to be received as a precedent for future exactions?" The re-reply of the actors, in a succeeding pamphlet was, "The demand was not exorbitant, for the profits were so great, that a renewed engagement of three nights was offered, which Mr. Garrick refused." So much for the facts of the playgoer, as far as belongs to the implication they were intended to convey, that he had furnished a fair statement of the payments made to the first-class talent of the time he selected to illustrate.

We now would ask the "Playgoer" for his reasons, why the evidence of extraordinary ability on the stage should not obtain a reward in some proportion to its rarity of possession, in equality with any other endowment? We would also ask the "Playgoer" why he has dared, in reference to a profession, absolutely exacting the concurrence of such uncommon physical and mental endowments, to use the poor law union expression, that "eating and drinking, and, indeed, all the necessities of life were as expensive in the year 1765, as in the year 1847?" The assertion being moreover entirely untrue; the national debt of that year being under one-fourth of its present amount. Has the "Playgoer" already condensed his profundity to a calculation of the lowest expence upon which a supply of first-class actors can be continued in full bodily and intellectual vigour for executing the labour they have to undergo? Has he discovered some new reason why the man or woman, who is the real attraction to the theatre should not feel and assert their own worth, and claim their due share of its reward? Or, is he bold enough to insist that the high intellectual capacities they bring to the work, and the appalling amounts of the capitals they have embarked in it, should engross to men like Mr. Bunn and Mr. Maddox all that the public pay beyond "the mere eating, drinking and necessities of life" required by a Macready and a Cushman? Is the "Playgoer" ignorant that the monopoly of management was the principal ingredient in price at the time to which he has selected to refer; and that it was to the consequence of this monopoly that the salaries of the actors were proportioned, and not to the valuation of the artist's talent. The manager was working a patent, and the price in a great number of instances depended on himself; although singularity of talent was even then, as we have shown, too strong even for his patent. Does not the "Playgoer" know that it was usual for managers to combine against actors' prices? It is not yet many years ago when there was an agreement between the directors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, that an actor, on leaving one house might not be engaged at the other during the entire of the succeeding season; there being then no other theatre at which a talking actor could appear at all but the Haymarket, which only opened for four months. Here we have evidence enough to establish what the "Playgoer" never intended to

prove at all, viz.—that as far as a fair proportionate pecuniary reward for rare endowment was concerned, actors of the time he speaks were underpaid; and this, from the refusal of an open market and free trade to the mental ability peculiar to their profession.

But there is another consideration that must be taken largely into the account; a consideration that has been entirely overlooked by the "Playgoer."—This being the corresponding position of other professions. Let the "Playgoer" compare the price received for Tom Jones, Humphrey Clinker, or Roderick Random, with that paid to James, Bulwer, or Ainsworth, for works that have scarcely a memory while we write, (we will not trouble him with Dickens or Scott) and let him answer the question, why the actor should lose his relative position in the scale of talent? Has not the mere accumulation of wealth in the country, combined with the universality of rudimental education, produced a corresponding increase in the number of those who are able to appreciate ability, and to whom mental enjoyment has become an appetite? Thus has talent of every description taken a higher position than it held a century ago, even in England; while in France it has become the true aristocracy. The artist actor, so far from being behind the rest, has received two advantages; the first being that which he shares with all the others, and the second, that arising from the withdrawal of the restrictions under which he formerly laboured. It may no doubt be desirable to a playgoer that acting talent should be so cheap, that several first-rate actors might be engaged at one theatre; but such a desirable event cannot be accomplished by lowering the scale of remuneration, if we could do so. Lower the hoped-for recompense, and you withdraw the little prospect of advantage that enters very materially into the calculation of almost every votary to the drama. Take away the capital prizes, and you remove the only prudential justification of one possessing qualification for the task for entering the profession. He or she must possess such varied natural endowments and acquirements from study as will enable them to choose among many other means of obtaining the eating, drinking, and necessities of life, so very generously referred to by the enlightened "Playgoer," and they will avoid acting if it is the worst. It is an affectation in any man whose means are limited (and we know no actor that ever succeeded on the stage who commenced with a competency), to deny that pecuniary reward is not a gratification to his feelings in proportion to its amount: this, be it understood, not depending entirely upon the intrinsic value of the sum, but as evidencing, in a manner that cannot be deceit, the true opinion of his merits,—that he is so much approved of that multitudes will pay to witness his performance. The "Playgoer," we presume, likes to see a full theatre; and we also presume he would not see their prices lowered from their present rate. Then the question resolves itself to this—Is the dealer or the artist the most worthy of reward? However the "Playgoer" may opine, the allotment will be made without his interference, and we shall have first-rate dramatic talent cheap when it is plentiful, and not till then; a consummation of which the horizon presents no promise.

Let us not be understood in this matter to give any opinion upon the terms demanded by Mrs. Butler, or upon those offered by Mr. Bunn. The question is a matter of prudence between the parties. It is not necessary for us to waste the time

of our readers in an endeavour to demonstrate to a nation of shopkeepers that

The value of a thing,  
Is just as much as it will bring.

The question of unreasonableness in the transaction is another affair. Mr. Bunn has, according to his own statement, paid Madame Malibran one hundred and twenty-five pounds per night's performance, and that for a series of engagements, which, we may assume, he would not have repeated had they not been profitable. Now we believe, and will maintain, that the talent for a first-class tragedian is quite as rare as that for a first-class vocalist. This being allowed, the precedent furnished by Mr. Bunn himself, has sanctified the demand made by Mrs. Butler as not unreasonable, providing her talent is of that first-class description,—a portion of the case that yet remains to be proved.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### THE REJECTION OF THE PUBLICATION SCHEME BY THE COUNCIL OF THE INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

WE have laid before our readers during the last few weeks a good deal of argument relative to a proposal made by Mr. Weale to the Institute of Architects for the publication of an annual architectural volume. We have now to announce that the Council has "declined" the offer.

By what authority it is that the Council\* assumes to itself the particular power here exercised we are at some loss to discover. We will admit that the Charter and Bye-laws are very cunningly devised,—that the grand principle of the Institute, the Council, has its duties and its powers very ingeniously indicated; still we are not at all able to point to the regulation which confers a power like this. According to our reading, such a proposal as that made by Mr. Weale is not at all provided for, and ought to come under the *lex non scripta* of public associations, and be referred to a general meeting of the Society; but the Council have certainly rejected it, whether with the authority or without it; and we must take it in the meantime as rejected.

Still we cling to the fact that it has not been rejected by the Institute. And far less by the profession. We will even say, also, that if it were rejected by both Institute and profession, there is yet another party interested,—it is not rejected by the public. It must live before those who are interested in the advancement of the Art as a proposal for its advancement until withdrawn by the one party or proved impracticable by the other.

After what we have brought forward in our previous investigations on this subject, we consider we run no risk of being refused our position that public opinion most unequivocally decides that the publication of the annual volume of current works of our eminent architects would (being supposed practicable) be eminently conducive to the interest of the Art and the profession. Mr. Weale brings forward this scheme as the result of his experience; the public voice declares that it is a good one,

\* Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Angell, Barry, and Tite; Ordinary Members of Council, Messrs. Alexander, Ashton, Brandon, Burn, Bellamy, Donaldson, Fowler, Pownall, Shaw, and S. Smirke; Hon. Secs., Messrs. Bailey and Scoles. But it must not be supposed, gentle reader, that certain of those are very regular in attendance. Three constitute a quorum.



(being supposed practicable) and ought to be carried out. The publisher takes the risk. (And certainly we feel more inclined to question his prudence, than to consider the advantage as lying peculiarly towards his own side.) All he demands is the requisite aid from the architectural profession, in the provision of the materials for the work. The only tangible representative of the architectural profession being the Institute, he sends his proposal to the Institute. (And with regard to his presentation of a copy of the work to every member, as a consideration for trouble, our view of the case certainly rather tends to the idea of every member agreeing to subscribe for a copy as a consideration for the publisher's risk.) He sends his proposal to the Institute, then; and the Institute, or rather the Council, rejects it. And now the public voice demands why. Why is it that the Royal Institute of British Architects has declined Mr. Weale's offer?

If we were to suppose the answer of the Council to be that they are averse to the scheme altogether, in such case we should only have to expatiate upon the unfitness of certain gentlemen for the authority they happen to wield. But we shall rather assume their answer to be, We have not the requisite power. They admit the value of the proposal; they are thankful to the enterprising proposer; but it is their misfortune that on their side there is not possessed the power to carry it into effect. Then, says the public, *obtain the power*.—How shall we?

Now we are in considerable doubt, as to whether the present contracted and privative form of the Institute is success or failure. We do not wish to say hard sayings, but we are not perfectly sure that the present idea is not pretty much the exact idea of the founders. Our study of the Charter and Bye-laws leaves us in uncertainty. There is either a cunning illiberal intention most successfully accomplished, or a radical error most naturally ending as it does. If the "Royal Institute of British Architects" of 1837, was meant by its originators to become realized in the comfortable little smugness it has been for the last few years, then they calculated well, and their Charter and Bye-laws deserve the praise of much ingenuity. But we rather assume the better position that their purpose was that it should be a grand British School of Architects; and in such case their Charter and Bye-laws display the most essential miscalculation. We assume that our No. 16 is a failure deplored, not a success enjoyed,—the result of miscalculating generous endeavour, not of illiberal intention; and the question now is, how to remedy the error. How can an INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS be formed?

Our idea of an Institute of British Architects is a supreme Court architectural, representing perfectly the position and wielding perfectly the power of the whole body of the architects of the country—giving law to practice,—directing public opinion—governing education. We can imagine the rejection of a candidate for fellowship a mark of extreme public disapproval, the lack of the letters after the name the direct stamp of unworthiness,—the diploma of membership, in short, the diploma of Architect. We can imagine its teaching earnestly sought by every student of the Art; its honours and rewards his highest pride. We can imagine it affording the young practitioner a standard for the formation of principles, and guidance for the good commencement of his career. We can imagine it the supreme authority on which through

life the Architect is able always to depend;—its assemblies the representative of the entire power of British Architects; its transactions the movements of British Architecture;—its decision the acknowledged test of merit; its high honours the high honours of the Art. And we can calculate the vast value of such an Institution,—equally in pupilage, in the height of reputation, in the retirement of old age;—equally to the more notable practitioner of the metropolis and to his less heeded brother in the distant provinces;—to the greater and the smaller,—to the professional and the amateur. In these days the least observant can bear witness to the value of the principle of the public Association; and he who rightly appreciates the peculiarities of the present Architectural world cannot hesitate to allow that in it the principle has especially room for effecting noble results—that a ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS would be a tribunal particularly valuable and important.

That what we have now described is not what exists we need not say. The Royal Institute of British Architects of the name has of the power *none*. It teaches; the students' Class is said to average in attendance FOUR. It grants the diploma; the possession of it by the architect is by far the *exception*, not the *rule*. In the profession it is a laughing stock, its *authority* a standard joke. Its meetings represent the architects of Britain just as an Exeter Hall confabulation of old ladies represents the estates of the realm. Its government of Architecture and Architects is just about equal to its government of Kamschatka and Kamschatkans. Its value is a heavy discount—a direct negative,—equally to the greater and the less, the professional and the amateur. Instead of being an Institute of British Architects, it is only a thing that has insinuated itself so as to stand in the way of one.

But, at the same time, we have heard it whispered that there are amongst its gods those who find their profit in its present state. Before the present publication matter comes to a close in its results we may have a test of whether or not it is so. It may be so: we hope not. We have already stated our assumed position to be that it is not so.

And now we can sum up our argument in this. If the originators of the Institute had their intention in its present public uselessness, but perhaps private satisfaction, they have calculated well—their constitution is an ingenious one. But supposing, as we have done, that their object lay in what we have described in our ideal Institute, then is it most manifest that they have failed. They have calculated ill,—and our desire is that they revise their calculation. Let a thorough honest inquiry be instituted into the principles of the constitution of the Institute. There must be something wrong,—something bad or something wanting: find out what it is. We have our notions on the matter, but we do not offer them; let it be honestly inquired into. For there can be no manner of doubt whatever of the possibility of obtaining such an Institution as our ideal describes. Let the object of obtaining it be now made the subject of investigation.

We set out from the idea of the Institute obtaining this power for the purpose of carrying into effect the publication scheme; and we are fully persuaded that this would be one of the most advantageous efforts in which it could engage—advantageous to the public service and to the interest of the Art and its professors. We may add, advantageous to the Institute itself. There is a tide in the affairs of Institutes which taken at

the flood leads on to fortune: and if the leaders of No. 16 honestly desire the establishment of a *real* Institute, now is a most favourable time. Mr. Weale's spirited proposal is an invaluable weapon in their hand.

The Council (Save their reverences!) have rejected it. But the decisions of the Council are fortunately made "subject to the control of General Meetings" (Section XII.) and the Council is "at all times bound to call a Special General Meeting, on the written requisition of Eight Fellows" (Section XV.): so that the case is not perfectly hopeless. Surely there are eight members to be found who have not bowed down unto Baal,—eight men with spirit enough to demand a more public decision on this matter, or at least with generous uprightness enough to wish that such a matter should have at least that fair play which it has not yet received. If no one comes forward to take this step, we cannot but hold it a lasting record of pusillanimity or a direct acknowledgment of impotency.

The public eye is now upon No. 16 Lower Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square. No. 16 may rely upon it that this matter will not be suffered to rest exactly where the Council (Save their reverences again!) think to have so quietly put it. We look confidently for action in the Institute itself. We should be extremely sorry to be disappointed. But we may be disappointed notwithstanding; and if so, we must give up the Institute as a most incorrigible concern indeed, and wait patiently while it ripens in its iniquity for that swift destruction which cannot fail before long to descend upon its (empty) head.

K.

## THE FINE ARTS.

## MR. HOLLINS'S LECTURE ON THE GENIUS OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ON Thursday evening, the 22nd of December, P. Hollins, Esq., the sculptor, delivered to the members of the Polytechnic Institution the first of a course of two lectures "On the Genius of British Artists." The attendance was good.

The lecturer began by observing that his object was to briefly trace the progress of Art in Britain in its various ramifications. To do so, however, he was obliged to conduct the inquiry mainly through the medium of architecture, since, up to a late period, there is scarcely a work of Art which is British, and the artistic talent of the country was only to be found in its architecture, in its churches and chapels. The first example which he would take was the round-headed arch, or series of arches, which were constructed by the Saxons, who occupied this country after the Romans had left it. On the first arrival of the former people they found many beautiful monuments of Roman art, which they set themselves to destroy. When, however, they had become firmly seated, they began to build for themselves, taking, doubtless, as their models such Roman remains as then existed. There was, in consequence, a general resemblance to the Roman, in not only Saxon architecture, but in that of Italy too at the same period. In the ninth and tenth centuries the Saxons began to display more taste; they were then in the habit of hiring artists to come over from Italy to execute the works. The Normans, who invaded England with William the Conqueror, destroyed the Saxon buildings, as the Saxons had destroyed the Romans; they, however, built others, in which they introduced more decorations, and executed them in a more highly-finished manner. The series of arches was introduced by them; and it has been argued that the pointed arch was suggested by the accidental intersection of two semicircular arches. He would not undertake to decide the question, but thought

this solution a very feasible one. During the Norman period, the churches were much improved by being increased in height, as well as in width and length, and up to the closing years of the eleventh century cathedrals were built on a magnificent scale. A moulding filled with flowers was the most prevailing ornament during that period. The style then passed into what was called Early English, of which Salisbury Cathedral is the most perfect specimen remaining, by the increase of the dimensions of the buildings, and the greater richness of ornament. The principle of decorating the west front with series of arches, one above another, was then introduced; and in the interior there was a greater display than formerly of sculpture, which was also of a bolder character. The artists seemed to have devoted a great deal of time to the study of nature. When the Saxons attempted anything beyond the carving of flowers, it was generally executed in a very rude and grotesque manner. In such buildings as Lincoln Cathedral, of the sculpture of which he showed a fine drawing, the execution was throughout very fine, and the arrangement of light and shade, which he minutely explained, was such as to avoid flatness, and to give the appearance of the building being twice its real length.

The end of the thirteenth century was marked by the introduction of the decorated style, the name of which suggested its character. In this the sculpture was executed more finely than in the Early English. Architects seem then to have got hold, also, of the perfect idea of their art. They found that when the arch from the spring to the crown formed an equilateral triangle, its form was then perfect; in the Early English the proportions had been less exact. Having arrived at this point, the architects of the period under review found all the proportions of their buildings harmonise. The perfect style of the pointed architecture occupied the whole of the fourteenth century. Marble was then introduced for columns and for floors, and the windows were filled with painted glass. The cathedrals of this period are some of the finest specimens of British art. Canterbury was one instance.

The next step taken by architects was to depress the crown of the arch, bringing it down by and bye to what was called the Tudor, from its prevailing in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. They introduced more ornament, cutting up the mouldings into several parts, and dividing the windows by perpendicular lines. The light was thus divided into panels, instead of coming in a broad sheet as formerly. Buildings of this period were more remarkable for skill in the execution than for the fineness of the general effect. The elaborate decoration of the roof called basket groining was then introduced: in it the skill was immense, but the general effect was not superior to that of the previous style. The form of the arch was singular: there was a centre piece which depended from the ceiling, and which gave the whole the appearance of being about to fall, but in reality it contributed to its strength. This was effected by the architect carrying an arch, of much larger dimensions than the apparent one, far up into the masonry of the building; and then, by means of the pendant mass which hung from the crown of that arch, dividing it into two smaller arches. This showed very great skill.

In Wells Cathedral, which was Early English, there was more sculpture than in any other with which the lecturer was acquainted. Flaxham spoke of it as a work of Art; but the fact was that the figures were represented in a very rude manner, and were only pleasing when the time in which they were executed was considered. The whole suggested the idea that you had seen a magnificent sight, but it would not bear any very close examination. The advocates of the decorated style were in the habit of claiming the "Weeping Cross," one of the crosses erected to mark the resting places of Queen Eleanor's body, as a work of Art. It was disputed whether that cross was the work of Roman or of British artists; but even granting the latter, he thought it proved little for the state of art in the

country, since, when the figures were examined by themselves the charm was gone. They possessed sentiment, although not very deep; there was great simplicity and purity about the design, but very little proportion, and no action; and they derived their charm from their position amid beautiful architecture, and from their simple drapery, contrasting well with the rich ornaments of the sculpture in the midst of which they stood. They were, however, very superior both to the figures in Wells Cathedral, and to those of later Gothic edifices, excepting only King Henry VII.'s Chapel. The lecturer criticised at length, the figures in that chapel, pointing out the charming variety of expression among the hundreds of figures, and remarking that they were executed by Torregiano, an Italian sculptor. Still, although in them the joints were better represented—a mark of great improvement in art—the figures did not please so much as the works of the earlier British artists, because the latter sought to express a sentiment. Although Torregiano was the more finished artist, yet he was not equal to the men of fine genius who had struck out their figures from the block without masters. The Englishman, however, though in a better school, was not so good a scholar in it as the Italian was in his. After that time, the Italian school produced men who, to mechanical skill, added the power of expressing sentiment, and their statues contain all that the English figures had and a great deal more. The reason why the Englishman did not reach the same point so soon, was that he was not employed as an artist at all, but merely to assist in the general decorations. Torregiano, on the other hand, was a great man, and employed at a great sum, whereas the Englishmen were only working as superior masons. By their execution of foliage, however, they showed that, if they had been treated liberally, by the time of Torregiano, they would have become much better artists than he was. This was the beginning of the fault of England in employing foreign in preference to native artists. Henry VIII. being too impatient to wait for the cultivation of native talent, wrote to Raphael and others to come to this country, but they refused, as it was then considered quite barbarous. No other artist so celebrated as Holbein accepted the invitation. That celebrated portrait painter was not a man of any surprising powers, but his works were marked by great fidelity to nature. The truthfulness of his works was marvellous, and how they could have been produced at such a time was surprising. His drawing was tame, but true. So jealous was he, however, of Englishmen, that he took no pupils except from his own country. After the termination of the employment upon the cathedrals, English art almost vanished, the illumination of manuscripts being the only means of exercise left, and these, though very beautiful, did not bring before the student the laws of art.

The reign of Edward VI. was even less favourable to art than that of his father. He employed John of Bologna, a foreigner, by whom the first Somerset House was designed. Of that building Walpole says it "was magnificent, a mixture of Gothic and Grecian." Now nothing worse than this could possibly be said of any building. Mary had no time to cultivate art, being otherwise employed. (Laughter.) Elizabeth patronised portrait painting, but it was executed by foreigners. It was remarkable that in the many portraits left of her, while the ornaments were always well painted, the face was a mere dried leaf, without life or character. The Elizabethan architecture did not fall under the laws of the Gothic, but was struck out by original minds: the audience would remember Aston Hall as a sample of this style. It was ponderous in its proportions, like the Norman, but not in the same degree. With its turrets, clustered chimneys, bay windows, long galleries, spacious staircases, and ceilings decorated and panelled, it had altogether a grandeur and a character of its own, and the men who designed it must have been artists. Besides being a fine showy style, it had durability, without which nothing is satisfactory to the mind: it was certainly not a mixture of any other styles, but a new one, the creation of its

designers. It possessed fitness, harmony, and beauty in all its parts, its designers evidently being aware that they could not, by merely altering the proportions, make a thing designed upon one scale look well upon another. The design of all the Gothic buildings was to produce the sentiment of awe upon the mind; and the proportions of the cathedrals, and the arrangement of all the various parts, united in producing that effect.

The style of the time of James I. was a "mixed order," and a very poor affair it was. Happily its want of beauty was matched by its want of strength, so that there were very few specimens left.

In the time of Charles I. the Roman architecture began to be again studied. Inigo Jones, having studied in Italy, came back and began afresh. The only one remaining of his public works was the portion which we have of Whitehall, which was intended to form part of a large palace. He introduced the Palladian style, which was a series of columns, beginning at the base of the edifice with Doric, having a lighter kind of column above, Ionic for instance, with a rich entablature. Sir C. Wren, who succeeded, got rid of what was redundant in the style. Wren produced large buildings, but in the exact Roman proportions, while Jones had reproduced the perfect forms of the Roman in the proportions of all the works which he executed. Wren preferred, too, to please by beauty, instead of surprising by grandeur. Being a mathematician, all his weights were accurately adjusted: there was no building to compare with St. Paul's for preservation, there being not a single crack discovered from top to bottom at the recent examination. The lead run into the joints remained entire, although the stone was worn away. Both St. Peter's at Rome and the Gothic cathedrals differed from St. Paul's in this: the last-mentioned building was finished under one architect and one mason, whereas the former were the work of successive periods. The lecturer pointed out the fact that the stalls in St. Paul's were decorated by Grinling Gibbons, whose works he criticised at length and with much effect. While he recommended the young designer, especially he who designed for the manufacturer, to study the work of Gibbons, he admonished him that he must also follow Gibbons's method, by studying nature, by doing which, he would originate something of his own, and find no necessity for imitating any one.

Although they had had nothing else than architecture to occupy their time up to the reign of George I., they would find it very different thenceforward. In all the previous years there was not one single painter or sculptor whom they could call their own. In the reign of George I. however, soon after the ceiling of Montague House, now the British Museum, had been painted by a Frenchman, named Le Guerre, an Englishman, named Thornhill, sprang up, and with great difficulty got employed. His works were the old gods and goddesses of the old school; but he aided the progress of art materially, by striking down the prejudice against English artists. He was followed by Hogarth, who had not been equalled in his walk of art either in this country or on the continent. The lecturer analysed the style and character of Hogarth very effectively, and went on to glance in succession at Wilson, Reynolds, Mortimer, West, and other painters. Banks, he remarked, was a most poetic sculptor, but was too much in advance of his age, and consequently was little employed. He was, however, one of the finest of British sculptors, after Flaxman. Chantrey's "children" at Lichfield was but a repetition of the ideas of Banks's monument to the daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, in Ashbourne Church. Mr. Hollins then briefly noticed the work of Flaxman and Nollekins; Reynolds's likeness of Mrs. Siddons, in which portrait painting had been elevated to the dignity of historical painting; the unapproachable excellence of Lawrence; and the works of Wilkie, Landseer, and Turner, all unequalled on the continent in their several lines. He appealed to this evidence of what British genius had effected in 140 years, as proof that instead of the climate being unfavourable to Art, as had been said by certain



silly foreigners, that the want of a demand for its productions was the only reason why it had not earlier reached excellence. He concluded amid deserved applause.

#### RAPHAEL'S NEWLY DISCOVERED FRESCO.

THERE was formerly in Florence a religious establishment known as the Convent of St. Onofrio; the early sisters and the rules of which came from Foligno. This convent prospered until about the middle of the last century; it was then abolished, and the building, put to sale, was changed in its purposes; the refectory, for instance, became a workshop, and passing from hand to hand, fell at length into the possession of a coachmaker. Even the tradition of the building became forgotten; but upon the wall of the refectory, and facing the entry of the shop, was painted, in fresco, a representation of the "Lord's Supper." For several years this picture has attracted much attention, some attributing it to Perugino, and others to Ghirlandajo; at length, however, the certainty has been arrived at, that it is the production of Raphael himself. The name of the divine Sanzio having been found surrounding the neck of the St. Thomas.

The following is the somewhat abridged form in which this signature has presented itself, after a long examination, to the eyes of the *connoisseur*.

R.A.R. VR — OMMDXV

Many other signatures of this description attest that it is that of Raphaelle da Urbino; the painting itself, as we are informed, proving it still more.

A celebrated engraver of Florence, M. Jesi, has been employed in the reproduction of this picture; and, in time, his work will, we expect, convince the most incredulous. Some doubts having been raised as to the authenticity of this picture in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, M. Jesi has thought it a duty to address to that journal the following letter, which we publish with pleasure. It replies satisfactorily to that speciousness of criticism that does not require the presence of a picture, when speaking positively on its merits:—

"To the Editor of the *Constitutionnel*."

"I had read in the *Constitutionnel*, that an authentic document had been found, which proved that the painting of the "Lord's Supper," discovered at Florence, and attributed to Raphaelle, was the work of Neri di Bicci, and I had written to that journal to prove the falsehood of that assertion.

"I have had the honour, sir, to remit into your hands my letter, containing the fragments of a communication from M. Cornelius, and you did solicit me for the entire epistle of that celebrated artist, that it might be inserted in the *Constitutionnel*, accompanied by my own. Nevertheless, I read in your *Revue des Arts* of to-day, what I expected, (for you told me so,) that your opinion is against the authenticity of the fresco; but I do not find in it either my letter or that of M. Cornelius.

"As for the fresco of Neri de Bicci, it has been proved, by incontestable evidence, that he painted his picture in a refectory that is no longer in existence. In saying which, everything is replied to regarding that assertion.

"Your opinion is founded upon the fact that the biographers, the artists, and the amateurs of Italy, and the visitors from England, France, and Germany have neither seen or said anything upon the subject. But if this picture is of a class of art that artists may mistake it for the production of Raphaelle,—if there are portions which Raphaelle himself has never surpassed,—if its analogy with the "Dispute of the Sacrament" is striking, it should be the production of a genius approaching to that of Raphaelle, and have emanated from a school that was equal to his. Then I will ask of you, in my turn, why the biographers, the artists, and the amateurs of Italy, and the visitors from

England, from France, and from Germany, have neither seen or said anything about it?

"You say that the members of the Convent of Onofrio were able themselves to read the glorious name of Raphael in letters of gold; but you ought to know, Sir, that the name and date are in small characters, in the border of the tunic of St. Thomas, and placed at a height which will not permit of their being read without climbing. Their presence has been contested from the difficulty of perceiving them, and you repeat that the name is brilliantly written in letters of gold.

"Besides, it is not reasonable to compare their period with our own. Can you believe that the sisters of St. Onofrio had been correctly informed of everything that passed without their convent, when even Vasari himself has written in his *Life of Corregio*, little else than fables which have been left to our own time to contradict.

"Raphael had executed enough of wonders, without its being necessary for him to refer to this "Lord's Supper," the serious exercise of his youth, and which he could not show to any.

"As for the publicity of the apartment, after the suppression of the convent, I must first inform you that very many of the houses in Florence have their fronts covered with paintings well worthy of remark, and that they are seen also in the porches of the churches and monasteries, without attracting the attention of any.

"Do you suppose that the speculators and workmen of a silk manufactory that was established in the refectory were composed of connoisseurs? It is not a little in their favour that they did not injure the picture.

"Latterly this refectory was occupied by a coach painter, and among those persons who entered it there were certainly no artists. But the first of that profession who chanced to view the picture, was immediately struck with its great beauty; and from that time the reputation of the "Lord's Supper" of St. Onofrio has every day augmented. It had been covered with a film of black dirt, accumulated from the smoke of the fires, and it was supposed to be by Perugino; after having been cleaned, however, and even before the discovery of the name and date, it was impossible not to recognise the hand of Raphaelle. And mark, Sir, this is not an instance in which it may be supposed that the picture might have been a copy; it is a fresco of thirty feet, which is or is not by a great master. All the biographers of the world may test it; and if they do not find in it all the qualities of a Raphaelle, I will tell those biographers that they are mistaken.

"There is, after all, but the evidence of the work itself to indicate its author. Has it all the qualities of the great master of Urbino? Did there exist at that epoch in Florence, an artist capable of executing such a work? These are the questions to be asked before pronouncing judgment upon this production.

"No biographer has written of the *Madonna* of the Grand Duke, yet has no one asserted that it was not the work of Raphaelle. All the world might have been deceived in judging of a fresco of thirty feet, which from one end to the other does not contradict itself. The silence of writers on this subject is, after all, but a singular fact, which may or may not be explained, and there is an end.

"But you, Sir, carry your judgment something farther, in pronouncing sentence on a picture you have not seen. Is it just to condemn an accused man without listening to him? Or rather, is it just to condemn a man who is not even accused? For if the biographers do not assert that Raphaelle painted the "Lord's Supper" of St. Onofrio, neither do they say that any other painted that picture.

"I might add here many historical proofs which support my reasoning; but you have said that nothing whatever will convince you. Nevertheless, I have the firm conviction that in the presence of this sublime production, which may well support the omissions of biographers, you would, with every artist that has seen it, pronounce it to be a Raphaelle.

"I shall not again revert to this question; it is, indeed, no longer one, and I beg you to believe in the assurance of the high consideration of your servant.

"Jesi."

(Correspondence.)

To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—The principles upon which you declared your criticism should be founded, have made me thus bold in addressing you.

To criticise with the Idea Truth, or with Truth the Ego, is to criticise with very different proportions of human thought. Nevertheless, it would appear, that, essentially dissimilar as are those principles, they are constantly being forgotten or confounded by writers; for dispassionate examination will show that much that is supposed to be the truth is only an individual faith in a particular fact. Nor is it reasonable to presume that all the various knowledge on which an individual may be informed is truth; for history doth prove that it takes an epoch to comprehend even a portion of a truth; hence the notion of the individual mind being able to do, what, for an era, the national thought is incapable of, is no less than the absurdity of presumption.

Yet, as far as any comprehension renders me capable of judging, the articles on the arts, sculpture and painting, which have appeared in your journal, written by you, have been written with a soul-endavouring for the truth. Fully believing this, I have received and entertained your sentences with delight, until this last one (No. 9), "On the Conflict of Intensity between Light and Shadow," which to me (I scruple not to say it, yet believe me, Sir, I say it with proper deference, and, only as I deem myself to speak the truth), is entirely erroneous. For I deny this conflict, &c. &c., which you have here laid down as a fundamental and absolute truth to be anything more than a mere individual faith in a phenomenal fact.

I do think (speaking from your published sentiments) that, had you close questioned yourself upon the amount of truth contained in a fact, particularly in a self-laboured one, you would have hesitated before you had printed.

A fact may be a truth, but it is not arbitrarily so. This theory of yours is of that kind.

The mirage in the east, Mexico, &c., is a fact, but is it a truth? It has an appearance, that is all; and, such to me is the hypothesis of the conflict of the intensity between Light and Shadow.

The arguments by which you attempt to induce the artist into your notions are of very doubtful species, and most of them easily confutable (that is, with reference to their bearing upon the hypothesis you advance,) more particularly that paragraph respecting the painter, his right to gratify the majority in detail and particular finish; suppose you address the like words to the poet with respect to his language or idiom with the majority, what would they be valued at?

However, as these arguments will be little heeded by the painter who, through his instant eye-comprehension, receives a theory for his particular application, without at all considering its peculiar generation, I have no immediate occasion to assail them, and will at once go into the *proofs*, whereby you deem your hypothesis true, and I false.

You say (I am careless about using your very words, because your induction is very simple, and clear, which same, I look upon as praiseworthy) that black, contrasted by relief from white, is darkly bordered upon the side in contrast with the white; and, that on the white next to the black, and its blacker border is a similar border of white, more luminous than its body. It is so? But how? And why?

Because, according to the law of vision or optics, black gazed at fixedly is ever complimented by white, and the reverse.

Hence, after a few seconds' steady regardance of such coloured objects as you name—a black stick relieved off a white plane—the eye makes its compliment, which is without the dark object and on the white plane, and this is the luminosity of the

white plane; the white plane also making its impression upon the eye, returns its compliment, which is within on the dark object, and this is the darker border upon the stick.

Also, as this phenomenon is observable upon a like regardance of alternate squares of black and white—in strong light—it follows that the strong relief of object from object in a picture, will exhibit a similar result, and, in truth it is so; and this is the cause of that confusion of sight, which ensues upon the steady regardment for a short time of a bright and strong contrasted picture.

Hence, this conflict, &c., &c., which you lay down as the absolute law of natural truth, is nothing other than an optical phenomenon caused by the nervous irritation of the eye.

For if the eye be rested, on looking again, the conflict, &c., is not visible, yet it will not fail to make its appearance upon the continuance of the gaze; proving that it is a contingent visual phenomenon or appearance, and not an absolute visual element or reality. Optically a fact, it is there,—but optically the truth, it is not necessary to be there.

For the most perfect proportions of the objective truth is obtainable only when it is absent.

That, it is not a concrete truth, but a paraisitical fact.

That, aesthetically it is incompatible, and artistically, it is fallacious.

That, it is only the study of objects in particular, that can cause this phenomenon of the conflict, &c., &c.; (how that you should very properly denounce this practice in the commencement of your article, and afterwards propound a theory caused by this vicious practice, is an obliquity of vision which I can in no wise comprehend,) for, the regardment of the whole, as in a view, is entirely free from its illusions. The landscape artist, when taking in his subject comprehensively, in alterations of drawing and looking, is untroubled with it; but when he comes to work at the detail of a brightly illuminated building, elaborate in relief, or out by sudden contrasts of shade, the confusion caused by the optic spectra of shades and lights is very distressing, and often induces him to fill up less perfectly than he ought to do.

I make no pretence toward any peculiar knowledge, and, have only written down my opinions, as to the truth, on that side which I deem myself able to comprehend; and, at present, I cannot but believe, that I have shown your hypothesis—to be an hypothesis and nothing more.

Relative to that other fact, which you adduce as further proof of the correctness of your creed; that, the conflict, &c., is distinctly visible in Daguerrotype pictures, I beg leave to say that I also have observed a very faint appearance of the kind you mention, whenever dark and light are violently contrasted, but have set it down to a much more positive and material agent, than the elemental principle of light—to the refraction of the rays of light by the unequal densities, textures, or surfaces of the lens, or to its thickness. I never yet saw a camera in which this phenomenon was not visible, and caused by what I say.

Contrary to your belief, which is—that the practice of your notions would bestow transparency—I believe that the infallible result of such practice would be hardness and opacity;—hardness by too long an opposition, and opacity by the too sudden conversion of power from power.

Your hypothesis being a Theory of Division and not a Doctrine of Unity, its isolating tendencies would be thoroughly destructive of the Ideal Nature, which is so much the excellent aim of the true painter to convey.—Incompatible with the philosophy of his art, it—I hesitate not to affirm—for him, will ever remain, what it really is, a somewhat ingenious but entirely fallacious and impractical theory.

Also, permit me to say, that as far as my sight and understanding of the Flemish masters go, (more particularly Rembrandt and Ostade) I have never observed this conflict, &c. which you declare to be present. A luminous transparency of shadow and brilliancy of light—harmonized by masses of

natural power—is decidedly their chief characteristic; but, certainly, this is attained without any such conflict, &c., as you have propounded. This additional proof offered for your theory, calls to my mind a story told of the late Sir David Wilkie. He once had a notion that he saw Prussian blue in everything, in nature and in pictures; *he thought he did, and of course he did.* Verily those little tenderly-hugged strokes of vanity are often fought for more vigorously than the substantial manifestations of the truth.

Believe me, I have written this, fully persuaded that you will receive it in the same honest and truth-loving spirit with which I have sent it. I beg to conclude,

Sir, Yours truly,

MYTHICON.

[We have sufficient confidence in the principle we have indicated, to accompany this letter from our correspondent with the reply to every word it contains; but will leave him in the possession of the field for one number. In our next he shall hear of us. ED.]

#### EDINBURGH SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES

THE first evening meeting of the society for the season took place on Monday, 11th inst., at eight o'clock, in the New Hall, George Street. The communications laid before the meeting excited considerable interest, and led to a discussion on various curious points, suggested by the subject under review.

The first paper was by Mr. Daniel Wilson, a Fellow of the Society, entitled "Remarks on the Decoration of the Guyse Palace, Blyth's Close, Edinburgh." Much very curious matter was brought to light in the course of these remarks, which included, not only a very minute account of the decorations of the old mansion, illustrated by large and spirited drawings executed by the author, but also an interesting discussion of the probabilities in favour of the old and generally received tradition, as to the Queen Regent's residence in this ancient close. One of the paintings still existing there, represents Christ asleep in the storm. In the back ground of this sacred picture, the artist has introduced a view of Old Edinburgh from the north, surmounting the hills of Galilee, and with the old Netherbow Steeple, and other striking features of the ancient capital.

From the conversation that ensued, we understand that the society intend to take immediate steps for the preservation of this very curious specimen of ancient Scottish art.

The next communication consisted of some interesting letters of the seventeenth century; presented to the society by Mr. John Alston Leith.

A long and ingenious paper by Dr. Walker, M. D. Cantab completed the business of the evening. In this the doctor discussed the age and probable source of the Celtic dialects, comparing them with the ancient languages of the East, and proving a common origin to both. The author's long residence in the East having afforded him unusual opportunities for the study of the subject. His deductions could not fail to satisfy the proudest descendant of Fingal or Ossian.

A beautiful inlaid dagger was exhibited at the meeting, bearing on its blade the date of 1415. It was recently dug up on the site of the Dominican Monastery, Perth, where James I. was assassinated in 1438.

**FINE ARTS.**—We have seen at Mr. Hill's Gallery, 67 Prince's Street, an impression from the plate of the "Ten Virgins," which has been executed for the Members of the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. This noble engraving from the burine of Mr. Lumb Stocks, is a transcript from a painting by Mr. James Eckford Lauder, which formed an interesting feature in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1844. Mr. Edward Denny, a London merchant, became its proprietor for the sum of Three Hundred Guineas, and kindly placed it at the dis-

posal of the Committee of the Association, for the purpose of being engraved for the members, waving, along with Mr. Lauder, all claim to remuneration in respect to the copyright. The subject is taken from the "Parable of the Ten Virgins," as it is related in the 25th Chapter of St. Matthew, and the elevated simplicity of the words of Holy Writ has been caught and faithfully embodied in this truly artistic representation. We know of no work in which the artist has more successfully wrought out the original idea;—it tells its story at once; and, without calling to the memory any particular picture of the great masters, whose subjects were often of a religious character, it nevertheless impresses the mind of the spectator with the same feelings of grandeur and solemnity which these pictures generally inspire. But it possesses a quality rarely to be found in works of a religious character—the perfect catholicity of the subject. It may appropriately adorn the walls of the followers of every Christian Church; the passage of Scripture which it illustrates being applicable to all. We congratulate the painter and the engraver upon the distinguished manner in which they have performed their different tasks; and we also congratulate the members of the association upon the immediate prospect of receiving copies of this very beautiful work.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—The fourth ordinary meeting of this society was held on Wednesday evening last, — Holding, Esq. in the chair. Specimens of the improved patent papier mache, for picture-frames, cornices, &c. by C. F. Biefield, were exhibited, from which material, by a new process, mouldings for picture-frames, &c. can be manufactured, in imitation of minutely carved work, and ready for the hand of the gilder, at a cost from four-pence per foot. The conclusion of Mrs. Whitby's communication, on the result of her experiments on the cultivation of the mulberry, and the rearing of silk-worms in England, were submitted to the meeting, and specimens of white and yellow raw silk were handed round for inspection. A paper was read by the Secretary, from J. Mather, containing suggestions for the ventilation of churches, schools &c., and a short paper on a new oil plant, called the "Gold of Pleasure," by W. Taylor, Esq. F.L.S. which concluded the business of the evening.

#### THE DRAMA.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—**FRENCH PLAY.**—We are compelled to confess, (and it is with blushes for our country, that in this theatre, which may but be considered a slip from the main trunk, a sort of experimental colony from a nation we do not care to praise too much,) that there is no establishment in London, at present, in which a dramatic performance is put upon the stage so complete in all its resources and appliances as it is, occasionally, at this theatre. Let us not be understood as disparaging the talent of our countrymen in this observation. We have no hesitation in asserting that, in England, let there be but demand for any talent, we do not care in what department, and it shall be at once forthcoming. But the talent will not make the demand; it must itself be nursed into vigour and fulness of development, and, if not so cultivated, will turn to weedy rankness, in which the good and ill are mingled into a confusion that becomes beyond reclaim. Never have we seen upon the French stage anything comparable, in the class to which he belonged, to passages by the elder Kean, and we have seen their best of our period; but there were on the other hand many licenses that he allowed himself, which, on the French stage, would have been corrected. They have nothing now comparable to Mr. Macready or to Mr. Phelps in high tragedy; yet there are some mannerisms in both those actors, that would not escape revision before a French audience. As for female actors we have now not one but Mrs. Keeley, that we could honestly produce to the observation of a



foreigner as being truly an *artiste* that had carried her intention and execution so far together in the right road, as to challenge severity of annihilation. This, we again repeat, is not in default of talent in the actors. Then whence is the deficiency? In the audience and in the press. The audience is not as a body critical; and the press, as a body, is corrupt. We allow exceptions to both; but in neither do we observe a sufficient attention to things dramatic, for becoming an indication of opinion that is worth the actor's consideration as a guide. An audience now, never expresses dissent or disapprobation to an actor's conception or execution. There may be a sort of suppressed laugh indulged by a few, but a sibilation would be met by the ignorant many with a threat of being expelled; and an honest opinion so expressed as to be understood, would be treated as a breach of the peace. Thus is the actor shut out from annihilation by the inertia of his audience; and while he needs only correction in parts, he is damned in entirety. As for the press, many of the writers are actors themselves, who abuse all that is produced at other theatres, and laud every mediocrity of their own; the rest either have no opinions at all upon the subject, or are influenced by private notions for praise or blame, which, although a mystery to the public, are notorious to the actor, and their usefulness as impulses to excellence or restraints upon license is worse than nothing. We again recur to the fact, that we have in the first-class department no female performer upon the London stage above mediocrity—a fact of more reproach to the drama than it at first appears. For when we look back upon the history of the stage, to the long list of inherited excellence in which the names, Barry, Yates, Abington, Siddons, O'Neil, &c. succeed each other, we are led to suspect that dramatic fitness is not the one thing needful that guides the selection. It was formerly necessary that great talent should be the excuse for frailty on the stage, but we observe some instances at present, in which the frailty itself is the passport that qualifies an actress for characters for which she does not possess any dramatic attributes, and a favourite actor is permitted by the audience to intrude his *chère amie* into a line of business, for the support of which she does not present a single intellectual or physical claim. The apathetic audiences allow this, and are at the same time, undermining the British drama, and permitting their own refinement in taste and morality to become a bye-word. Mdle. Rachel may or may not be frail, but the inquiry becomes a matter of small import to an audience, when the magnificent talent she possesses is taken into account. The talent being the abstraction that is followed, the public and private characters are two individualities, neither of which depend on the other; but where the public permit that their toleration shall be conferred as a reward for sensuality, they place themselves in an equivocal position, and encourage what they should reprove. They keep before them a mediocrity that is at once supplanting a better *artiste* and a more worthy person. There is no instance on the French stage of a permitted prominence on such an unsupported recommendation; and yet we reproach our neighbours with immorality. — But to the St. James's.—We have been led into this train of thought by again witnessing Frederick Lemaitre's personation of *George Maurice* in *La Dame de Saint Tropez*, in which he is so ably sustained by the excellent acting of Mdle. Clarisse, as *Hortense D'Auberive*. We do not hesitate to say that the quality of performance exhibited by them both in those characters, could not be attained on an English stage, and before an audience constituted as those of the London metropolis is at the present period. Their first great excellence is the absence of anything to condemn; we would indicate by this expression the exceeding good sense that controlled the whole; never overstepping in a single instance the modesty of nature. Thus is Mdle. Clarisse, though possessing no remarkable physical advantage beyond the absence of positive defect, at all times true to exactness in expressed sentiment, and so attentive to the business

of the scene as to be always employed as if the audience were not present. There is never observable a making-up for points, or a preparation to produce an effect that destroys the effect produced. All is conscientiously a just delineation of a carefully examined, and laboriously corrected conception that could only be suggested and matured by great intelligence on the part of the audience with whom the actor is in continual communication. The artistic excellence that pervaded the whole has left a satisfactory feeling on the mind, that we cannot now parallel from any on the London boards. Not, we repeat, from want of capacity, but from want of exactness in the audience to oblige the capacity to its utmost. Of Lemaitre's performance, we may repeat all we have said above, with the distinction that while Mdle. Clarisse did all the part indicated most fully, and satisfied our every wish; his acting was, in truth, a creation that went far beyond any image the text would suggest to other than an organisation like his own. The early scenes were so quiet so correct, and yet so replete with natural detail; the character developed itself so gradually, unrolling its pattern so completely; there was such a consistency in parts, such an absence of parade, so much study to conceal study, and such an attention to artistic refinement in the stage business, that the term dramatic seemed to be out of place, and all was such reality, that we seek in vain for one passage more excellent than another. Generally, after seeing a great actor, we are tempted to refer to points as specimens of his greatness, but the *Georges Maurice* of Frederick Lemaitre, was like a piece of music, in which one note leads so naturally to the next, that a change any where would be a blemish to the whole, and you carry with you a panorama of the entire performance to ruminate upon. This is the more strange, for Lemaitre's countenance is not what we should select as the fittest for sentimental expression, and we are not sure that there is not something of caricature in passages taken individually, were it not for the magic effect that is always dominant upon the feelings of his audience. He may be compared in his style to a man walking on the extreme verge of a precipice, where a false step is destruction. To him the task seems simple, for he never totters. But it would be dangerous to imitate what it is impossible to surpass, and very easy to burlesque. We never saw Dumery to less advantage than in *Antoine Caussade*. The habit of talking to the audience grows upon him. He must be sent to Paris for a couple of seasons to correct bad habits. We have continually to revert to the stage business of this theatre, as a reproach to our London houses. We do not now allude to the expense bestowed upon it, but to the artistic superintendence to which it is entrusted. The last scene of *La Dame de St. Tropez* was not a scene at all. It was perfect truth, and never ceased to be a picture. It was a study of lines in composition, and always satisfactory in arrangement. Managers should look to this as adding an attraction that would bring money to their treasury without much additional cost.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This speculation is remarkable for being everything in turns, but nothing long. The commencement of a new week is the commencement of a new season, in which, with one or two exceptions, there is also a new company; the talent it did contain, at the same time getting

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less!"

until the experiment has been made as to the least quantity as well as quality upon which it is possible to lift the curtain. This experiment, it appears, has been tried, and so much overdone, that the patience of the play-goer having been fatigued by repeated change for the worse, a change for the better has been determined upon, and Mr. J. R. Scott has been engaged. We are sorry for this; Mr. Scott, among good seconds would be spurred into effort; but surrounded as he is, with those, saving very few exceptions, we can only call actors by courtesy, any material amelioration of the faults

with which his occasional excellence is so much alloyed, may scarcely be hoped for. We see no reason for this insufficiency but in the management. That is if there is a management. If Mr. Bolton supposes that Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood engage a certain number of persons calling themselves actors, cast them any how, without reference to their individual peculiarities, and merely allow them the run of the stage to do what seemeth meet to them, he is very much mistaken. Sadler's Wells Theatre is little, if any, larger than the Olympic, not nearly so well situated, and the pieces are the same. The situation, by promising a better average of audience, would make up for difference in price; and we are quite sure that a sane liberality of management would benefit the speculator. But it must be managed, and it requires a determined as well as an otherwise efficient actor for the purpose. The present lessee is not himself in a position to do this with effect; but there is one portion of the duty to which he is competent, and that is, after all, the base and foundation of good acting. He must insist that his actors of every grade shall be letter-perfect; it is impossible that the exact meaning of an author can be given without his exact words. To call the *New Way to Pay Old Debts* that we witnessed on Thursday night at the Olympic Theatre a play by Massenger, was an absurdity. There was not one actor tolerably perfect but Mr. Scott and Mrs. Gordon; and there was not one "actor" spoke blank verse but Mrs. Gordon, for one of the faults of Mr. Scott is to lower the style of his author into prose; to do which words are too often added and expunged. This was the fourth consecutive night of the same play, which, with all the slip-sloperry of a provincial theatre, had been so hastily got up that little more than the business of the scene had been learned on the first night by actors, most of them so unfitted for the parts they played, as never to have before studied them, with the very probable exception of Mrs. Gordon, and Romer, who played *Justice Greedy* very fairly. This run of four nights, instead of allowing time for more perfect study, had only confirmed each in his own invented gag; and Massinger, and poetry, and blank verse, and dramatic refinement was most carefully cut out of the play by general agreement. Mr. Maynard would have made a tolerable *Lord Lovel*; his acting has too much of effort, and his person is too unwieldy for the spendthrift *Wellborn*; while the actor of *Lord Lovel* was a libel upon nobility. Mr. Scott puzzles us still. We cannot comprehend completely how an artist that can accomplish so much, can be occasionally so far from right. We fear that his study has been so long confined to the conventionalities of the stage, that nature itself has escaped sufficiency of consideration; that he looks more to making points than to consistency as a whole—more to what can be done than what ought to be done in a character. There are few plays that are greater trials for such a system than the one in question. The character of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in common with most of those delineated by the early dramatists, with the single exception of Shakspeare, is constructed with a simplicity, that intrudes upon hardness. The character of man is a far more complex affair than those early dramatists would teach, and every hero of every play, with the exception we have stated, have to be humanized by the talent of the actor who would make them popular in a performance. Mr. Scott does not perceive this, and finding there is an unnaturalness of brutality in *Sir Giles Overreach*, takes the defect in his author for a hint to be enlarged upon, and aggravates every portion, until the man becomes a machine for the commission of evil that sets about his schemes in a manner that would insure their failure. He finds that the Knight is passionate and overbearing. He has not the refinement to perceive that these qualities might be sufficiently indicated without going to extremity in all cases, to the great detriment of effect when the occasions comes that justifies them. Let Mr. Scott go back to nature, considering *Sir Giles Overreach* to be a man living in the world, and

subject, in a lesser degree perhaps, to the restraints the world imposes on the proudest; then let him, without falsifying the text of his author, control the passions indicated into keeping in such a manner that the character shall gradually develop itself into a more perfect whole, and he will become a great artist, instead of a mere stringer of passages that, however evidencing power, are not by any means proofs of refined taste, or laborious study. Until he has obtained a good position before a good audience, which depends much upon himself and his persevering powers, let him be careless of applause. Noise is the signal for the ignorant to be vociferous; and it is often the case, that those who really appreciate good acting, refrain from an interruption that injures effect. Any amount of intensity may be obtained in a whisper; and when the time comes for breaking bounds the effect of loudness is increased tenfold by the ears of the audience being as yet unfatigued by the frequency of its repetition. There was not one instance of passionate loudness in the four first acts that might not be called rant, the occasion not being its justification. When the real occasion did occur—when the cheater found that he had been cheated, then, indeed, were there passages of exceeding power fairly produced, that made us wish a reconsideration of the entire character by Mr. Scott. Let a performance be, in all cases, a gradual development; the impression left upon an audience is that produced by the winding up. There are always sufficient resources without loudness for an artist actor, to make himself an interest to his audience.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### MARRIAGE OF MDLLE. ROSE CHERI.

The marriage of M. Montigny, director of the Gymnase Dramatique, with his charming pensionnaire Mdle. Rose Cheri, is officially announced. This delightful actress, whose exceeding talent has placed her already so high in her profession, and whose reputation is increasing every day, will have attained her twenty-second birthday in the month of October next. She comes to London towards the end of the ensuing spring; having been engaged by the enterprising manager Mr. Mitchell, for her month of *congé* from the Gymnase, during which she will give twelve performances at the St. James's theatre; the remuneration being sixty pounds *per* night, as well as all expenses of the journey to London and back to Paris, and residence in the British capital; amounting altogether to seven hundred and twenty pounds.

The wedding does not take place until Mdle. Cheri's return to the French capital; this delay being motivated by a delicacy, respecting which we have not the discretion to be silent. M. Montigny did not wish that the produce of the London representations should become their common properties. He would leave to Mdle. Rose Cheri to gather all the advantages of an engagement which she had contracted at a period when marriage was not in her calculation; and he would that she should dispose, according to her own desire, of the amount; having decided that on her marriage, Mdle. should abandon to her own family all the spinster property that the revenue of her talent had enabled her to economise.

#### MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY THEATRE.—As parliament has now resumed its labours, we may soon expect that the season will commence, and somewhat earlier than usual, if the opening of the Italian Opera House is to be taken as any criterion of the movements of that very ephemeral production, fashionable life. The middle of next month is the time now specified for the Italian Opera opening. We have from time to time given all the *travaux* talked of or known regarding the engagements, &c. Jenny Lind will, of course be the first new attraction. Overtures have been made to Madame Stoltz, but we understand without success. The other engagements include Castellan, Frezzolini, For-

tenors, Gardoni, Fraschini, and others. For the basses, the Lablache, Staudigl, Superchi, and others. The first opera, it is said, will be the *Favorite*, of Donizetti, translated from the Italian. The new operas for the season are one from Verdi, and one from Mendelssohn, and two from Meyerbeer, *Il Prophete e d'Africaine*, the last with a libretto taken from the *Tempest*. Gardoni has already arrived, so the business of rehearsals must soon commence. The ballad will include Mdles. Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Lucille Grahn, Cerito, and a new candidate for public favour, Mdle. Rosati. Of course, with such a powerful ballet department, some great attempt will be made to create a sensation, and in all probability the *Pas de Quatre* and the *Pas de Deesses* will be again brought forward. The band has been collected from all parts of the civilized world, and Mons. Panofka, who has been engaged, is now on his way from Paris, to render his able assistance at the theatre. Altogether we must do Mr. Lumley the justice to say that he has made tremendous exertions to overcome the difficult position he was placed in, with what success remains to be seen. We hope that London may support the two.

COVENT GARDEN.—The internal operations are going on with vigour. The reports that were spread abroad have now all happily subsided, and the interior fittings are progressing rapidly; symptoms of life are also in other ways manifest; already do we hear in passing by, the full swell of voices practising the chorusses. For the opera, this theatre will certainly have the advantage as regards singers; in addition to all those who seceded from the Italian Opera House, others have engaged, and among them lately, M. Steffanoni, who has been singing with great success at Milan. We expect great things in the operative line at this theatre, and hope the managers will emulate Mr. Lumley's zeal in the production of novelties, and surely with such a company, a new opera will have a chance of success from the performers' powers alone rarely to be met with.

DRURY LANE.—The *Bondman* and the pantomime have been running on without intermission, and the manager shews no lack of enterprise, for we understand a new opera by Wallace is in rehearsal.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—*Anne Boleyn* four nights, and the *Maid of Munich* the other nights of the week, have been the staple commodities together with the pantomime, which is one of the best we have seen this year.

#### CONCERTS.

EXETER HALL.—The first of a series of four concerts, illustrative of the history of English vocal music, in aid of the Hullah fund for the erection of a music hall was given last Monday. We are at a loss to understand the meaning of all this noise about erecting a music hall. Are there surely not enough already for Mr. Hullah to select from? And suppose he does get a hall erected, what is to be the upshot? The art will gain nothing,—the singers gain nothing,—the public gains nothing, and so we are driven to the conclusion, that Mr. Hullah being an ambitious man, wishes to immortalize himself, not as a man of talent ought to do, by shewing he has the stuff within him, to make a name; but by getting a hall erected, to be called the Hullah Hall. Posterity will probably know nothing of him after all, unless some ingenious antiquary should make the discovery that the name might be the foundation from which the hullabaloo was formed. All we ask is, if Mr. Hullah would explain to the English world what he has done, so that some idea may be arrived at what he is likely to do. The concert was divided into two parts; the first was confined to sacred music; the second embraced the secular. The principal vocal performers were on this occasion, Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Manvers and Seguin; the last taking the place of Mr. Leffer, who was prevented coming; the chorus consisted of the members of Mr. Hullah's upper singing schools, of whom we may say that they do not sing better, if so well, as other chorusses. The selections were made from the composers of

the latter part of the sixteenth century and beginning of the seventeenth, at which period flourished Tye, Farrant, Tallis, Byrd, Allison, Bull, Orlando Gibbons, Morland Dowland, Welbye, Bennett, Lawes, &c., &c., many of whose compositions were performed on this occasion. On Tuesday the *Creation* was performed, the vocalists being Miss Birch, Messrs. Lockley and Phillips.—The hall was filled.

NATIONAL HALL, HIGH HOLBORN.—Mr. T. B. Smith has been giving a series of three concerts at this room. On Thursday, the last that took place. He has been assisted by the principal vocalists of note, as well as instrumental performers. The hall was crowded on all occasions, the result we presume of the price of admission; which even in these days of growing cheapness is remarkable. The hall one Shilling,—Gallery Eighteen-pence.—Reserved seats Half-a-crown. A change, indeed, has come over the scene within the last few years.

ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS.—This very singular performance has been exceedingly attractive at Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street. Every corner filled every night, so that the last person admitted has his or her back against the door. We are surprised that our singers do not take a lesson from such success; the great secret of which, but only a mystery to them, is the dramatic fusion of sentiment, even though grotesque, which pervades the whole. The audience are not listening to sound merely, but to something that, although caricatured, has its type in nature. That it is not musical sounds may be evidenced by the fact that Mr. Pell, or Bones, as he is more generally called, though singing the least, is the great lion of the performance. The whole effect has relationship with the successes of John Parry and Henry Russell. A good tenor with sufficient musical education, and who would make that advantage subservient to dramatic expression, instead of becoming a mere musical instrument, in which he is continually being surpassed by brass and cat-gut, would create an extraordinary sensation in the dramatic and musical coteries of this period. The Serenaders commence a new series of four concerts, the first of which will be on the 5th of February.

THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.—Business has not been very great at this theatre lately. The pantomime has not been so attractive as many, and we suppose will not be continued after the Pantaloon's benefit on Monday. Madame Bishop appeared on Friday, the 15th, in the opera of the *Maid of Artois*, which was repeated on Tuesday last; but on both occasions the house was only respectably filled, and the audience by no means astonished. On Tuesday, Mr. D. King appeared in the part of *Jules de Montagnon*; represented on Friday by a Mr. Arthurson, a gentleman who, though possessing a fine tenor voice, was unequal to the part, through want of confidence and ignorance of stage tact. Tom Thumb appeared in Albert Smith's dramatized story of *Hop o' my Thumb* on Wednesday, to a very decent house. On Friday, Mrs. Bishop and Mr. King are announced to appear in the opera of *Somnambula*. It is reported that Mr. Simpson pays Mrs. Bishop 800l. for one month's services, with Mr. Bochsa for concerts. Mr. S. has taken them to Leamington, Worcester, Coventry and the Birmingham Town Hall; but at present must have been a serious loser by the engagement.

BRISTOL.—The annual meeting of the Madrigal Society took place on Thursday last, at the Victoria Rooms; the room as usual was crowded, a report was spread that her majesty would be present, but this turned out to be incorrect. This performance appeared to give not less satisfaction than the former ones. It was as usual led by Mr. Corfe. The room was elegantly ornamented. We have not space to notice the pieces of music. "Now in the month of Maying," by Morley, was warmly encored, as indeed were several other pieces.

EDINBURGH.—The Infant Sappho, (Louisa Vining) gave a Concert last Wednesday evening, the performers were the Infant Sappho, Miss A. Vining, Mr. Vining and the Masters Taylor.



PARIS.—After all the fuss that has been made about *Robert Bruce*, it has soon found its level, and appears to be nothing but a patchwork, as the following account would show, which we extract from a French paper—*Robert Bruce* is not a new opera, as is announced daily in the bills; and we demand the reason why this false statement is made? Why call that *new*, which is precisely what it is not? Why trumpet, or rather hope to trumpet it by the *prestige* of a name which, until now, they have taken care to add to those *chefs d'œuvre*, which really appeared on the day for the first time.

*Robert Bruce* is simply a pasticcio—more, it is a translated pasticcio. A pasticcio taken here and there from the works of the same master, is no more an opera, than a heap of stones from the same quarry is a house or a palace.

The pasticcio has never had success even in Italy, its native land, and we cannot recollect that a work of the kind ever produced a grand effect. What will it be then in France, when we want not only a portion, but a drama; where unity of sentiment is placed in the first rank of essential conditions?

The overture of *Robert Bruce*, written by Nedermeyer, is a *potpourri* of motives borrowed from different operas of Rossini. The introduction belongs to *Zelmira*; Barroilhet, singing the part originally written for David, this part is of course transposed. The cavatina, sung by Madame Stoltz, "O Mattutini Albori," is taken from *La Donna del Lago*, and so is the following duet, sung by Madame Stoltz and Bettini.

The history of the verses which follow, in which Mlle. Nau sings, is too curious not to be related. According to one of our best contemporaries, these couplets were—1st. A popular song in the streets of Parma. 2dly. They passed into a chorus of Nymphs in the *Armida*. 3rdly. From thence into a cavatina of *Bianca e Faliero*. 4th. Rossini sold the exclusive right to an Englishman, when he was in London in 1823. 5thly. They were then transformed into a chamber quartett, on the words "Ridiamo e cantiamo," and Pacini, who engraved them, gained, in his turn, the proprietorship. 6thly. They re-appeared in *Robert Bruce*, without prejudice to any future contingency.

The air of *Paulin*, "*La Gloire est Belle*," is taken from *La Donna del Lago*, and from *Zelmira*. In the second act, the cavatina of *Torvaldo* and *Dorlisha*, "*Dunque invano i perigli e la morte*," sung by Anconi is but too surely one of those very mediocre airs of the author, which it is painful to see has been thus exhumed from a part buried alive in Paris, just five and twenty years ago. The grand air of *La Donna del Lago*, "*Oh! Quante Lagrime*," introduced by Madame Pasta in *Otello*, and since sung by Malibran, Pisoni, and others—The "*Duo of Zelmira O soave conforto*," sung by Barroilhet and Madame Stoltz—A quintett from the same work, arranged as a trio. The finale of *La Donna del Lago*. In the third act, the romance of *Zelmira*.—The dance tunes taken from *Zelmira* and others. A quartett of *Bianca e Faliero*, arranged as a sextett, and for the conclusion, a repetition of a part of the finale from *La Donna del Lago*. This, then, is indeed the medley confounded together in *Robert Bruce*; this is the *pasticcio par excellence*, but, unfortunately, *l'excellence* has not devolved on the pasticcio.

In every opera composed after a logical and reasonable manner, the drama is the body—the music the clothes. Here, however, the contrary is the case. The clothes have been made first and have failed to fit the body.—What an ungrateful, dreadful, impossible piece of business!—In similar cases the author has no other resource than to make a body thin and puny, which will accommodate itself without effort to the actual cut of the clothes; because if it is desirable the body can be made a little larger or a little fatter; a body having individual forms, original proportions, or even defects, if you should wish it, the clothes would not be of service; the stuff would want a little bit more, and might crack at the joints. See then how they stem of the pasticcio renders the drama impossible.

Of continental doings we have not much to report. In Paris, *Robert le Diable* and *Robert Bruce* are being performed. A new composer, Boisselet, has produced an opera, *Ne Touchez pas a la Reine*, which has been successful. The Parisian papers speak highly of two vocalists, the sisters Dannhausen, who however has, at yet, confined themselves to concert singing. At Berlin, the King of Prussia has ordered Professor Franz to translate the *Orestes* of Euripedes, and to adapt it to the stage, for the court theatre; Meyerbeer is to compose the music. Cerito is here also with her husband rehearsing the ballet of *Esmeralda*. At Vienna, Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* is to be brought out next month, under the name of *Bielka La Bohemienne*; and Jenny Lind is to take the post of *prima donna*.

### THE PIANOFORTE MANIA.

WHERE will this end? we have often asked ourselves. Will there never come a time when men shall find something more adapted to the capacity of a lord of the creation than rat-tat-tating upon bits of ivory? We have often inquired in our minds whether it would not be a praiseworthy act on our parts to whisper quietly in the ears of these nuisances the estimation of such trifling produced in the considerations of reasonable people; but we have deferred the execution of the task from the hope that was in us, that the excess of the evil might generate its own remedy, and that some fine day, after counting their fingers and thumbs, and finding their brotherhood so numerous, they would at once disperse themselves among professions that are at least quite as creditable and much more useful, sending the piano and its touches, and its pedals to Hades. Still did again a new pianist flutter his unperceivable digits in the horizon of the universe of double crotchets, and renew in us the *pianophobia* that already had inflamed our intellectual indignation. All day do we brood over that disgraceful profile of no matter what pianist squatting before his infernal instrument; our daily thoughts translating themselves when we slept into horrible nightmares; and then we saw, written in letters of fire upon the desk of a cast iron pianoforte, denunciations, replete with the bitterness of our own sensations, that Euterpe, herself the nurse of music seemed to dictate to us.

On awaking we would sit down to our desk and write at once the title and the commencing paragraph of an article that, if published, would at once encumber the brokers' shops, with pianofortes out of commission; but we would then give time for consideration. We would hesitate, and the weakness of our nature would suggest to us—"It might be a cruelty thus to attack an entire class of artists who have, perhaps, no other method of obtaining the means of existence; fathers and friends will, ere long, begin to comprehend that there are enough of the *metier*; and if still some persist in allowing their daughters to acquire this pleasing talent, they will not permit their sons to devote themselves to a profession in which a man cuts such a contemptible figure;" and we determined to delay our thunder.

But, this year, the abuse has attained so gigantic a proportion, that we can no longer guess where it will stop itself, nor how it may be restrained. Not only does it rain from all parts, great, middling, and little pianists; but we are continually dinned on every side with threats like this: "My son is learning the piano, and indicates a stupendous talent for the instrument; he shall be a Liszt, or a Thalberg, or a Meyer; he has already given up his French, Latin, and Greek, for what is the use of learning to a genius that can get his four or five hundred pounds for a single concert, and collect decorations, diamonds, and snuff boxes from all the sovereigns of Europe?"

What will be the consequence in a short time if this is allowed to go on? In a given period we shall have neither writers, nor soldiers, nor workmen, nor attorneys, nor physicians; every man at the age of twenty, that is cursed with five fingers and a thumb upon each hand, will have

become a grand pianoforte player; only as it is rare that one pianist will listen to another, each will have to play to himself. Our condition will resemble that of the inhabitants of a country that produced so many diamonds that the earth was left uncultivated, and one morning the entire population was menaced by a famine in the midst of its immense riches. We shall then be obliged to entrust to women the guardianship of our strong places, the tilling of the earth, and the direction of the government; for they being more reasonable than ourselves, will assuredly be the first to abandon the empire of the piano on finding themselves invaded, as it were, *en masse*, by their masculine moiety.

This is, however, far more serious an affair than people generally suppose. Without considering the disastrous consequences to which it may lead in the future, let us notice the position in which it has already placed us. We count already more than thirty, more or less celebrated pianists who give concerts and live upon their talent. We will not pretend to give a complete list, to which our memory is not sufficient; but we will enumerate some of their names:—Messrs. Liszt, Chopin, Thalberg, Moschelles, Leopold de Meyer, H. Hertz, Kalkbrenner, Osborne, J. Hertz, Prudent, Nap. et Ch. V. Alkan, Hallét, Chollet, Lacombe, Ravina, Gloria, Ehmman, Schad, Wilmers, Droyschoek, Rosellen, Rosenheim, Zimmerman, de Koniski, Lowinski, Laurent, Batta, &c. There are many and important names that we have no doubt omitted; nevertheless, this list, which leaves no question as to the fact of the vast number of professors, appears already appalling. All these pianists we have heard during the past year; they have all given concerts, which have all attracted at least three hundred listeners, who have applauded them, and proclaimed them wonderful. We have ourselves joined in that applause, for the majority have exhibited real talent, for which we have the more regretted the misapplication. Why have these men, whom the Creator has endowed with so much intelligence, thus sacrificed the most useful portion of their existence to obtain agility and expertness in rattling the tips of the fingers against slices of elephant's teeth, and left that intelligence like a field that is uncultivated, and in a perpetual fallow? What true distinction is there between such exercise of the fingers, and that in which all the members of the body have their share, as practised by the various athletic phenomena that exhibit at our theatres. It is but simply this, that the pianist goes through his evolutions in brilliantly illuminated drawing rooms, and surrounded by elegantly dressed ladies; while the accomplishers of feats of strength and activity show themselves to a multitude that is less select, from being admitted at a lower price. For ourselves, we prefer the gymnastics of the entire man, and while we would not have the nature and the intellect of the child neglected, would set that exercise that developed the mechanical excellence of general construction before the partial cultivation of excessive activity in a part.

If it were even true, as is asserted, that from this pianoforte fever, there were results that advantaged the progress of musical science, we should be among the first to applaud the accomplishment of these executioners. But we must first be instructed as to which of these great pianists is, at the same time, a great composer? There is not, however, more than one that has any pretensions whatever to that title, M. Chopin, and he never gives concerts, and is for the great majority of the public, but a pianist by reputation. The compositions of M. Liszt, far more eccentric than agreeable, will last about as long as he will himself; and those of M. Thalberg, though less *outré*, and more *facile* to the player, but little excel those of Liszt in other respects. What has M. Thalberg done to justify the report of entrusting to him an opera? He has made some pretty variations on some of the best airs in some of the best operas. What a magnificent effort to have found means to produce an effect in *motifs* derived from the *Moise* and *The Barber of Seville*, with airs it is even a pleasure to hear too-toed on a bad flageolet. We are not speaking of the execu-

tion of M. Thalberg—it is immense; but it is as cold as it is great. It possesses an exactness and mathematical precision that presents a similarity of attraction with a figure in geometry. M. Thalberg realises to us the idea of a machine for playing the pianoforte, which we do not yet despair of seeing produced by some ingenious mechanic. If we were a member of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, we would propose a high reward to the inventor of such an instrument, for it would render an incalculable service to the world, in restoring to the rank of honest citizens, a crowd of useless pianoforte players.

It is no doubt difficult for a pianist, who has acquired, by a powerful execution, an extended fame, to give up an easily-obtained triumph, by exposing himself to a *fiasco* as a composer. Accordingly such as have become celebrated as musicians, have been little esteemed as pianists; or rather they have not displayed their talent of execution beyond a circumscribed circle. Such were Beethoven and Weber; and such are still, as we have been assured, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Bartholdy. Such men look upon the piano but as an instrument of accompaniment or of study, useful and fertile of resource, in permitting a composer to give himself, by striking ten notes at once, an idea of the effects that may be produced by an orchestra, or an assembly of voices.

Let us not be understood as endeavouring to entirely prescribe the pianoforte from among solo instruments. What we desire is simply this, to dispossess the masculine gender of an instrument so little adapted to manly bearing; to abolish the ridiculously exorbitant patronage conferred upon the boys that are abandoned to its exercise. Is it not a reproach that three thousand francs were at once raised by the sale of tickets for a concert given by a young and scarcely known pianist under pretext that, in drawing for the conscription he had been unfortunate. Would fifty francs have been procurable had it been a workman, a student, a poet, or a painter, full of promise, even though he were the sole support of an aged mother, or an orphan sister? Assuredly no. But a pianist, good heavens! the conscription to rob us of a pianist! To allow those supple and vigorous fingers to squander their force and their agility in the management of a musket; those delicate feet that were only created to touch lightly the pedal of their delicious instrument, to be clasped by a spur, and confined in a stirrup! Never! The public will not permit such a profanation.

What we desire is that the female artist should partake in that patronage that is now so prodigally bestowed upon the men. We do not insist that there should be no longer any he-pianoforte players; but, that where the merit is equal, it shall not be the man always that monopolizes our sympathies. Does not the softer sex to the same execution add the charm of her person, the graces of her manner, the elegance of her costume, and the delicacy and refined shade of sentiment for whose development her organisation is more immediately calculated. Let every one have the same equality; but let us demand something more than mere mechanical rapidity, and let the sexes hold the attributes that belong to them as something worthy of their consideration. We have by degrees suppressed the profession of male dancers, until there are few sensible persons that do not find something ridiculous, if not contemptible, in the *metier*. We hope to see the male pianofortist reduced to a similar rate of discount.

How general has been the cry against the encroachments of the females upon the domains of man. We have heard enough of ridicule against the female writers, the female philosophers, and the female viragoes of every species. They have been repudiated and proscribed. Nay, even the correct among their own sex have, while admiring their talent, withdrawn from their society. Thus declaring that when they practised the profession of men they had ceased to be women. What then must be our judgment of those men who have avoided the difficult and honourable roads that are open to their intelligence and power, to follow these flowery paths that have been considered

sacred to the endeavours of the gentler portion of humanity, in order to struggle for an easy victory over a feeble adversary? What would be said of a male embroiderer? What would be thought of a captain in the army that passed his time in knitting? After we have monopolized to our own profit every profession by which glory or great recompense may be obtained, and have left to the industry of women only those that are most frivolous and least lucrative; and having, even in those arts that are simply ornamental, left scarcely one of the many in which their grace and elegance and delicacy seem to appoint them particularly to be successful, we would not permit that of that one they shall be dispossessed! Certainly not. Such would on our part be an injustice and acrimie.

In all the range of music women claims solely the harp and the piano; for the instruments that are operated upon by the lips and the bow belong exclusively to the men. We understand perfectly, and are ready to admit that this is just; but, in return, let us allow them to be peaceable possessors of their own. Have the conscience then, gentlemen pianists, to become good composers and, like your brothers of the harp, invent as many beautiful themes as you are able, but leave to women the care of their execution. You are perfectly aware of the high capability of Madame Pleyel, of Mlle. C. Dietz, Matmann, Loveday, Korn, Bohrer, and so many others not necessary here to name. You may confide to them your productions in full security, that they will have justice done to them even to the addition of those delicate tints of sentiment of which you did not yourselves dream. During this you have permission to indicate by the bow of a violin or violincello, all those tender and passionate emotions of your souls, that are so well produced by Haumann, Lindley, or Batta; sigh soft melody through your flutes like Tulou or Dorus—then will you find that women will no longer attempt that musical subversion of which there has been so much complaint. The little Milanollo's would not have applied themselves to the violin, Mlle. Meyer would not have played the flute, Mlle. Christiani the violoncello; nor should we have to announce, the approaching *début* of a girl of twelve years, to whom her father has taught the trombone! What's to be done? You have no right to blame these children. You have taken away their piano, and they have deprived you of your clarionettes, your contrabasses, and your orphicleides. You may call this the liberty of art, but we denounce it as anarchy.

#### THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

ARE country actors remunerated according to their deserts? is a subject that has often been mooted, and which has again sprung, as it were, into existence in consequence of the demand so lately made by Mrs. Fanny Butler. To judge by that demand, which almost appears "unreal mockery!" it would at once be ceded that neither in nor out of town are the members of the profession adequately paid. But the hundred pounds per night required by Mrs. Butler, must be thrown overboard as connected with the question, although it has brought to light the grand cause of so many theatrical failures. (Mr. Charles Kemble's appeal, some years back, when a public subscription was entered into to keep Covent Garden Theatre open, and his subsequently being compelled to resign the management into other hands, is now no longer an enigma.) But can it be conceived that there ever *was, is, or will be*, so vast a difference in the quality of dramatic talent as to render any one worth one hundred pounds per night, the others receiving some five-and-twenty shillings per week?

But to the original position. "Are country actors remunerated according to their deserts?" No! As a body, they are the worst paid class in existence. And yet they are expected to be gentlemen, to dress like gentlemen, and to associate with gentlemen! But then, their BENEFITS! Aye;

therein managers imitate tavern keepers, and make the public pay their servants! In both cases,

"It is a custom  
More honor'd in the breach than the observance."

The first question naturally gives rise to a second—"Can provincial managers afford to pay their performers better than they do? It may be said that actors are better paid now than they were fifty years ago. Supposing it to be the case (not admitted). Fifty years ago, the provinces were divided into circuits, and the actors were employed all the year round, passion week excepted. Now, nearly all the circuits are destroyed, actors are engaged for seasons only, and are very rarely in situations two thirds of their time. But, "Can provincial managers afford to pay their actors better than they do?" Yes. Musicians, scene-painters, carpenters, property-makers, master-tailors, and others, are much better paid than most performers; from which it may be inferred that *mental intellect* is not so valuable as *mechanical labour*. If theatres are doing badly, the performers are put upon half or quarter salaries; while all others upon the establishment are paid in full.

But, are provincial actors worth more than they receive? If not, they are not worth having at any price. It is a mistaken notion with some managers to suppose the public are contented with anything in the shape of humanity walking on and off the stage, distorting nature, and offending common sense. When plays are better acted, theatres will be better supported; and, when better salaries are given in the provinces, a better class of persons will enter the profession!

Examine well the many, the very many qualifications that are absolutely necessary to constitute an actor, and then say, "Are country actors remunerated according to their deserts?"

"If comprehension best can power express,  
And that's still greater which contains the less;  
No rank's high claim, can make the player's smile,  
Since acting each, he comprehends them all.  
Arduous the task, and asks a climbing brain,  
A head for judgment, and a heart for pain;  
Ere sense impress'd reflects adopted forms,  
And changeful nature shakes with borrow'd storms.  
No dull, cold, moulder shares the actor's plea—  
Rightly to seem, is transiently to be."

DUBLIN.—The Theatre Royal has not been doing wonders. A piece, entitled *Elizabeth of Russia*; or, *the Dilemma*, written by a distinguished amateur, expressly for the theatre, has been played with much success. Mrs. Ternan sustaining the principle character. On the 13th inst. Mr. Calcroft, the respected manager, took his benefit; when Miss Helen Faucit appears as *Iphigenia*, in *Iphigenia in Aulis*, translated from the Greek. Mr. Calcroft and Mrs. Ternan acting the parts of *Agamemnon* and *Clytemnestras*; when the theatre was fully and fashionably attended. The comic pantomime has, as usual, been elaborately put forward; it is well sustained, and contains many finely executed scenes, and some well conceived tricks.

CANTERBURY THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Betty appeared on our boards last Thursday evening, before a respectable audience. The part selected was *Richard III.*, which he played with success, depicting the transitions and contrasts of the wily, crooked backed tyrant, with much truth of conception. We might single points, especially the declamatory, which were full of effect, while, as a whole, the character was sustained in a manner creditable to his reputation, and evincing a decided improvement on the occasion of our last seeing him. He was called before the curtain, and honored with the warm greetings of the audience. Mr. Betty has appeared as *Claude Melotte*, in *The Lady of Lyons*; as *Shylock* in *The Merchant of Venice*; and on Monday, he took his benefit, as *Brutus*, in the tragedy of that name, and *Harry Dornton*, in *The Road to Ruin*. He appears at the Surrey on the 22nd of next month, playing twelve nights.

THEATRE ROYAL SALISBURY.—On Tuesday Mr. Tamlyn, an amateur, appeared here in the character of *Othello*. The attempt proved the possession of one quality, without which a success



upon the stage is an impossibility—it evinced a good opinion of his own powers. The performance went off smoothly. The *Desdemona* of Miss O'Hara, was refined in conception and finished in execution. Miss Watson's *Emilia* was powerful and discriminate; and the *Iago* and *Cassio* of Messrs. Myers and Parierfert, clever performances.

GLASGOW.—One would imagine this to be the most dramatic city in Her Majesty's domains, judging from the number of places now open, devoted to theatrical representations; for, besides the Theatre Royal and the Adelphi, there are some half-dozen others, where the legitimate drama is lawfully murdered, and the illegitimate treated with all kinds of indignity. Not that the Royal or the Adelphi can boast of good companies; but then the theatres are regularly formed, and the corps dramatiques under something like subordination. The other establishments being after the fashion of Richardson's show; only, not a hundredth part so good. Now, is it right that the worthy magistrates should permit so many fly-by-night mummers of the lowest cast, to desecrate the drama, and lower the profession and professors in the estimation of the citizens? Or do they do it because they owe the manager of the Royal an ancient grudge, and can find no other means to shew it off, than by encouraging trash, to the injury of the deserving. What will echo say?

The Cushman's commenced an engagement at the Manchester Theatre Royal on Monday last. Tom Thumb continues at the Queen's, and will be followed by Vestris and Matthews as their farewell visit.

Macready, Cooper, Mrs. Warner, and Mrs. C. Gill have continued their successful career at Bath and Bristol during the past week. Macready goes to Dublin next.

The African Roscius is now at Canterbury. He opens at Ipswich on the 26th; Bath on the 8th; Theatre Royal, Dublin, 25th of February.

## REVIEWS.

*The New Timon; a Romance of London.* COLBURN, Great Marlborough Street.

THIS poem is unquestionably the production of a thinking mind, one that has pondered and reasoned until it has relieved itself from the iron fetters of what is called the "world," or "public opinion."

There are many passages of poetical beauty interspersed throughout the work, and the moral is of a healthy cast, boldly eschewing all that false sentiment, and perversion of feeling which is now so often displayed. In speaking of the work as containing two sorts of writing—the narrative and the descriptive, we give the author the palm for his powers of description, which are strong, and display much truth of delineation. The character of *Morvale*, is well and strongly drawn.

"In truth our *Morvale* (such his name) could boast,

Those kinglier virtues which subject us most;  
The ear inclined to every voice of grief;  
The hand that oped spontaneous to relief.  
The heart whose impulse stayed not for the mind,  
To freeze, to doubt, what charity enjoined;  
But sprang to man's warm instinct for mankind;  
The antique honour, with its nameless power,  
Which is to virtue, as to plants the flower.  
And that true daring not alone to those,  
Whom fault, or fate, has marshall'd into foes;  
But the rare value that confronts with scorn,  
The monster shape, of Vice and Folly born,  
Which some the "world," and some "opinion" call,

Owned by no heart, and yet enslaving all.  
The bastard charter of the social state,  
Which crowns the base to ostracise the great,  
The eternal quack upon the itinerant stage,  
This "the good public," that the "enlightened age;"

Ready alike, to worship and revile,  
To build the altar, or to light the pile.  
Now "down with Stuart, and the reign of Sin;"  
Now "long live Charles II. and Nell Gwynne;"

Now mad for patriots—hot for revolution;  
Now all for hanging, and the constitution.  
Honour to him, who self complete and brave,  
In scorn can carve his pathway to the grave;  
And heeding nought, of what men think or say,  
Make his own heart, his world upon the way,  
Such was the better nature *Morvale* showed;  
Now view the contrast which the worse bestowed;  
Much had he read, yet all confused and mixed,  
No polar truth the wandering reason fixed.  
The fiery impulse and the kingly will,  
If prompt to good, no judgment checked from ill;  
Quick in revenge, and passionately proud,  
His brightest hour still shone forth from a cloud;  
And none conjecture on the next could form.  
So played the sunbeam on the verge of storm."

But *Morvale* has a taint which still more deeply affects his character; the mixture of Indian blood, and thus he feels himself isolated in the world around him. The good in him, however, in the sequel, compensates him for the bitter past he has endured.

The following sketches of the leading men of the day are very vigorously drawn, and cannot fail to strike every one by the truth of the representation.

"Along the road still fleet the men, whose names Live in the talk the Moment's glory claims.  
There for that storm or stagnor "The debate, Pass to their post, the helmsmen of the State.  
Now, on his humble, but his faithful steed, Sir Robert rides—he never rides at speed;  
Careful his seat, and circumspect his gaze,  
And still the cautious trot, the cautious mind betrays.

Wise is thy heed!—how stout so'er his back,  
Thy weight has oft proved fatal to thy hack!  
Next, with loose rein and careless canter view Our man of men, the prince of Waterloo.  
O'er the firm brow the hat as firmly prest.  
The firm shape rigid in the button'd vest.  
Within—the iron which the fire has proved,  
And the close Sparta of a mind unmoved!  
Not his the wealth to some large natures lent  
Divinely lavish, even where mispent.  
That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,  
Thought, sense, affection, warming up the whole.

The heat and affluence of a genial power,  
Rank in the weed, as vivid in the flower;  
Hush'd at command, his veriest passions halt,  
Drilled in each virtue, disciplined each fault;  
Warm if his blood—he reasons while he glows,  
Admits the pleasure—ne'er the folly knows.  
If for our Mars, his snare had Vulcan set,  
He had won the Venus, but escaped the net;  
His eye ne'er wrong, if circumscribed the sight,  
Widen the prospect, and it ne'er is right.  
Seen through the telescope of Habit still,  
States seem a camp, and all the world a drill.

But who scarce less by every gazer eye'd  
Walks yonder, swinging with a stalwart stride;  
With that vast bulk of chest and limb assign'd,  
So oft to men who subjugate their kind.  
So sturdy Cromwell push'd broad shouldered on,  
So burly Luther breasted Babylon;  
So brawny Creon bawl'd his Agora down.  
And large limb'd Mahmoud clutch'd a prophet's crown.

Ay, mark him well! the schemer's subtle eye,  
The stage mime's plastic lip your search defy.  
He, like Lysander, never deems it sin  
To eke the lion's with the fox's skin.  
Vain every mesh this Proteus to enthrall,  
He breaks no statute, and he creeps through all.  
First to the mass that valiant truth to tell,  
"Rebellion's art is never to rebel;  
Elude all dangers, but defy all laws—"—  
He stands himself, the safe sublime he draws!  
To him behold all contrasts which belong  
To minds abased, but passions rous'd, by wrongs.  
The blood all fervour, and the brain all guile.  
The patriot's bluntness, and the bondsman's wile.  
One after one the Lords of time advance,  
Here Stanley meets—how Stanley scorns, the glance.

The brilliant chief irregularly great  
Frank, haughty, rash, the Rupert of debate!

Nor gout, nor toil, his freshness can destroy,  
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.  
First in the class and keenest on the ring,  
He saps like Gladstone, and he fights like Spring;  
Even at the feast, his pluck pervades the board,  
And dauntless game-cocks symbolize their Lord.  
Lo where a tilt at friend—if barr'd from for,  
He scours the ground, and volunteers the blow.  
And, tired with conquest over Dan and Snob,  
Plants a sly bruise on the nose of Bob—  
Decorous Bob, too friendly to reprove,  
Suggests fresh fighting on the next remove.  
And prompts his chum, in hopes the vein to cool,  
To the prim benches of the upper school.  
Yet who not listens with delighted smile  
To the pure Saxon of that silver style;  
In the clear style a heart as clear is seen,  
Prompt to the rash—revolting from the mean.  
Next, cool, and all unconscious of reproach,  
Comes the calm "Johnny, who upset the coach,"  
How formed to lead, if not too proud to please,  
His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze;  
Like or dislike, he does not care a jot;  
He wants your vote, but your affections not.  
Yet human hearts need sin as well as oats,—  
So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes,—  
And while his doctrines ripen day by day,  
His frost-nipp'd party pines itself away:—  
From the starved wretch its own loved child we steal,

And "Free Trade" chirrup on the lap of Peel.  
But see our statesman when the steam is on  
And languid Johnny grows to Glorious John!  
When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses drest,  
Lights the pale cheek, and swell the generous breast;

When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,  
And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll."

We have given this extract as we do not recollect to have seen anywhere so faithful an account rendered in so few, yet energetic words. The character of the individual is stamped at once, so that every one must recognize it. We know turn to another description, which is, in itself, truly poetical:—

Who contemplates, aspires, or dreams, is not Alone: he peoples with rich thought the spot,  
The only loneliness—how dark and blind!  
Is that where fancy cannot dupe the mind;  
Where the heart sick, despondent, tired with all  
Looks joyless round and sees the dungeon wall;—  
When even God is silent, and the curse  
Of stagnor settles on the universe;  
When prayer is powerless, and one sense of death  
Abysses all, save solitude on earth:  
So sate the bride! the drooping form the eye  
Vacant, yet fixed—that air which misery  
The heart's Medusa, hardens into stone,  
Sculptured the death which dwelleth in the tomb."

The last image is beautiful. Misery, the heart's Medusa—strikes the feelings with a lonely sense of melancholy; it is, indeed, the poet's spirit venting its depth in powerful language.

*Morvale* has rescued a young girl from want, and domiciled her in his house to be a companion to his half-sister, the heart broken *Calantha*. As she grows in beauty, *Morvale's* feelings warm towards the orphan, and she feels for him reciprocally.

"So children both, each seemed to have forgot,  
How poor the maid's, how rich the lover's lot,  
Ne'er did the ignorant Indian pause on fear  
Lest friends should pity and lest foes should sneer?  
What will the world say?—question safe and sage  
The parrot's world should be his gilded cage;  
But fly, frank wilding, with free wings unfurled,  
Where thy mate carols, there behold thy world!  
And stranger still that no decorous pride,  
Warned her, the beggar, from the rich man's side;  
Sneer, ye world wise, and deem her ignorance art,  
She saw her wealth (and blush'd not) in her heart;  
Saw through the glare of gold his lonely breast,  
He had but gold, and hers was all the rest.  
Who is the richer, say—the bleaser or the blest?"

*Lucy*, the orphan, proves to be the natural child of *Lord Arden* who in his heart intended,

though secretly, to make the tie holy with her mother, but was deceived by a false friend, who in the story appears to have no motive for his villainous conduct. *Lord Arden*, however, turns out to be the one who has betrayed *Calantha*. *Morvale* sends for *Arden*, and as they stand beside the dead body, is about to take vengeance, but is stopped by *Lucy's* hand, and then *Morvale*, though heart-broken forgives his foe; yet now his dream of love is over. He parts from his *Lucy* thus—

"Maiden recall my tale—thou clasp'st the hand  
Which shuts the exile from the promised land  
Go, ask thy heart, in which still guide, if grieve,  
The fresh, pure instincts of earth's virgin Eve,  
If the dead victim's brother, undefiled,  
Could ask his blessing, and could wed his child;  
With that he bent him o'er the shuddering maid,  
On her fair locks a solemn hand he laid;  
Lifted eyes, tearless still—but dark with all  
The cold, that not in such soft dew can fall;  
And so beloved one—life's all—farewell!  
Still by my hearth thy gentle shade shall dwell,  
Still, shall my soul, when nights the dreariest seem,  
Fly back to thee, O soft, O vanished dream!  
If to the dead an offering still must be,  
All vengeance called for, be fulfilled in me!  
I make myself the victim!"

*Arden* dies and leaves a will, in which are these words—"I give my child." The author here breaks forth in most powerful language against the law of the land with regard to illegitimate children. We do not mean either to praise or censure, but let the poet speak according to the dictates of his own feelings on the subject. *Arden's* last act leaves to *Lucy* his wealth.

"So *Arden's* will decreed—so signed the hand,  
So ran the text—Not so law rules the land:  
'I do bequeath unto my child,' that word  
Alone on strangers has the wealth conferred.  
O'erjoy'd law's heirs the legal blunder read,  
And justice cancels nature from the deed.  
O moral world! deal sternly if thou wilt  
With the warm weakness as the wily guilt!  
But spare the harmless! wherefore shall the child  
Be from the pale which shelters crime exiled?  
Why heap such barriers round the sole redress  
Which sin can give to sinless wretchedness?  
Why must the veriest stranger thrust aside  
Our flesh, our blood, because a name's denied?  
Give all thou hast to whomsoever thou please,  
Foe, alien, knave, as whim so law decrees;  
But if thy heart speaks, if thy conscience cries,  
'I give my child,' the law thy voice belies,  
All meshes balk all effort that atones,  
And justice robs the wretch that nature owns!"

With this we conclude. The happy sequel may now readily be guessed at. *Lucy*, now in fact an orphan, and *Morvale* softened and chastened in heart, are united. The weakest part in this poem is the theological—*Morvale*, who, half Indian, has been bred in India, has, of course, but indifferent notions on religious matters. A conversation is introduced which produces conversion, with perhaps the least possible amount of reasoning that a thinking mind would succumb to. However, there are other parts which will more than counter-balance these weaker points. The author has been said to combine the "characteristics of Crabbe and Byron." To us it appears he wants, in an especial degree, the rough force of the first, and the resistless fire of the second. But he possesses within himself the spirit of the real poet, for few can read the *New Timon* without having his feelings worked upon, and such is the poets' high aim.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### LOLA MONTES, A MAID OF HONOUR.

Mdlle. Lola Montes, with the rest of the *beau monde*, visited Baden in the spring of last year, from whence a Bavarian Captain persuaded her to elongate her pilgrimage to Munich. Arrived at the Bavarian capital, one evening she happened at the theatre to occupy a position opposite the King's box. His Majesty was at that time engaged

in the collecting of pictures by Spanish masters, and learning that Mdlle. Montes was originally of Castile; he sent for her to hear her opinion on the Murillos, Velasques, and Zurbarans of his gallery. The King, it appears, was so charmed with the taste and wit of the fair *danseuse*, that he determined to attach her to his court in the quality of *Maid of Honour*! As, however, this arrangement required preparation, the idea presented itself of bestowing respectability of position on the *fille de l'opera*, by marrying her to one of the gentlemen of his court. Mdlle. Lola is, we believe, at the present moment, the virtuous partner of a German Count, of we do not know how many quarters.

Thus has this gamesome young lady, who horse-whipped the Prussian police, and poniarded her lovers on mere suspicion of inconstancy; this veritable Andalusian *lionne*, subsided into a pretty behaved *frauenzimmer* of Munich. Let us hope that her manners may quickly accommodate themselves to such a metamorphosis.

#### ANECDOTE OF PERLET.

Our acquaintances Perlet has the reputation of being one of the skinniest personages in France or her African possessions; always, be it noted, excepting a *figurante*. But Perlet is not satisfied with this singularity, and he one day took it into his head to consult a physician upon his discontent, and to place himself and his grievance in a cold water *Maison de Santé*.

"Doctor," said he, "look at me. There is not much of me; but look at me! My substance has been melted away by the heat of the footlights; I am already but skin and bone; and am fast approaching the imperceptible. I might even not be mistaken for a *danseuse*! What is to be done?"

"Are you in pain?" asked the physician.

"Not at all; but I am wasting while you look at me."

"And you would be fatter?"

"As fat as possible."

"Then take my waters, and enter yourself as my patient."

"And I shall get fat?"

"Upon the honour of a physician."

That very evening Perlet placed himself under the direction of the doctor. Eight days, however, having passed without the actor's enlargement of half an ounce, Perlet remonstrated with his Hypocrites.

"Doctor," said he, with a voice full of reproach, "I am not any fatter."

"You think so?" demanded the doctor.

"I am sure of it. It seems to me, on the contrary, that I attenuate more and more."

"You are impatient, wait a little; give my waters time to produce their effect."

"Will that be very long?"

"A week or two at the farthest. Stay! Do you perceive that stout gentleman who is exercising himself at the end of the garden?"

"Perfectly. It's young *Le Peintre*, is it not?"

"No; that's an Englishman."

"Ah! An Englishman? Good heavens! He is a remarkable fine specimen."

"You see in him a living proof of the sovereign virtue of my waters. On his arrival here, not two months' back. He was, if anything, thinner than you are."

"Really?"

"I give you the honour of a physician."

"And you believe it is possible that I might acquire similar rotundity?"

"Two months will suffice for such a metamorphosis."

"Then everything considered, doctor, I shall not continue the proofs beyond a month."

"As you will."

"I shall be content with half the volume of that Englishman."

The month passed away, however, and Perlet was still as skinny as ever.

One day, while immersed in his bath, and patiently awaiting the arrival of his lustyhood, as the Jews are supposed to attend the coming of their

prophet, he overheard a dispute that was taking place in the contiguous apartment.

"Decidedly doctor," pronounced a voice, that Perlet knew at once to be the Englishman's. "Decidedly I am not a bit thinner than when I begin."

"A little patience, my lord. What the deuce! London was not built in a day."

"But, frankly; do you think this water business will restore me to some reasonable magnitude?"

"I give you the word of a physician."

"This is the fiftieth time you have said the same thing."

"Then why not be convinced? But stay! you have seen that very thin gentleman—that excessively thin gentleman who glides like a shadow sometimes in the garden?"

"Oh! he's a skeleton!"

"No; he is an ancient actor, Perlet, a man whose exceeding size obliged him to quit the theatre. Very well! He consulted me; has submitted himself to my process; and you may judge, yourself, if it is or is not effective?"

"What! shall I become as skinny as that fellow?" demanded the Englishman in a panic.

"Why, I think not; for, to say the truth, I believe he has taken an over-dose. But the cure is now terminated, and he will leave in three days."

Perlet, standing bolt upright in his bath like a spectre, and striking a furious blow with his knuckles against the partition, roared out in a voice of thunder:—

"You are mistaken, you medical knave, for I am going directly."

An hour after, Perlet was in a post-chaise in progress toward England; and since then he has delighted the audience of the St. James's Theatre, who could not help remarking, that there were very faint appearances of *enbonpoint*, if any, discoverable in his person.

ST. NEOT'S CHURCH.—We are pleased to find the interior of this noble and elegant structure is about to undergo the process of restoration, and that the pews are to be renovated and re-arranged throughout in a uniform manner. It is highly desirable that an edifice so rich in architectural beauties—so often studied and justly celebrated as one of the glories of our land, should not be only preserved, but handed down to posterity in its integrity; at the same time, the re-pewing of the church will supply a want of accommodation long felt by many of the parishioners. At a meeting of parishioners, held on Friday the 8th inst., a well-digested plan was produced by the Vicar, and unanimously adopted, and resolutions passed for carrying out the same. Most liberal subscriptions to the amount of nearly £500 were raised in the vestry, and will, it is confidently hoped, be considerably augmented by the inhabitants; but the magnitude of the building, and the necessarily expensive nature of the work to be carried out to secure the uniformity and consistency with the design and character of the building, requires a very heavy outlay; and the assistance of all those who take an interest as well in the increase of church accommodation as in the preservation of the architectural beauty of so noble an edifice is earnestly solicited.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Mr. Lewis, sculptor, of this town, has just completed for Lord Ellenborough, a handsome column, intended for erection at Southam, to commemorate the achievement of the British forces in India, during the period of his lordship's government. The material from which it is composed is beautiful Caen stone. On the several faces of the column the names of the principal heroes of the period are engraved, as well as of the various scenes of their daring bravery. The tablet on the top bears the following inscription:—"To the honour of the brave men, who, under his government, restored victory to our arms in India, and dictated peace to China, under the walls of Nankin: this column, recording their achievements, is dedicated with grateful affection, by Edward Earl of Ellenborough."—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.



**A CASE FOR THE ANTIQUARIES.**—The Alexandria letter of the *Times*, announces that the works of Gallice Bey, Mehemet Ali's French Engineer, have produced the following result: "The prostrate obelisk, one of the two forming Cleopatra's needles, and which had been presented to the English government, has been buried in the sand, and no traces whatever of it now remain." Lord Palmerston will, doubtless, soon hear from the Royal Institute of British Architects upon this subject.

## ON DIT

That the Society of Arts are about to form a new species of Art Union—It is proposed to collect together the paintings of some one eminent living artist of the English school once a year, to exhibit them in the great room of the society, to make a charge for admission, and to apply the profits of the exhibition to the purchase of a painting by the artist of the year, to be presented to the *National Gallery*. The picture to be painted expressly for the purpose. By this means the Society of Arts aims to make a practical commencement towards forming a collection of the works of British artists. The plan seems excellent, and we hope to hear more of it.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received.—*The North of England Sketch Book and Magazine*. *Cicero*; a Drama.

## NOTICE.

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JOHN LAWRENCE, Secretary.

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Appointed at the Twelfth Annual General Meeting of the Members, held at Edinburgh upon the 4th day of July, 1846:—

His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensbury  
Sir George M'Pherson Grant, Bart.  
The Solicitor-General  
Professor Wilson  
James Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee  
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Daniel Roberts, Esq., Page's Walk, Bernersday.

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The Committee beg to inform the Members of the Association and the Public, that the Collection of the Annual Subscriptions for the current year, 1846-47, has now commenced.

By an Act passed during the last Session of Parliament the principle upon which the Association was originally founded, and has been carried on, is recognised and sanctioned as an appropriate and constitutional mode of diffusing a taste for Art. As soon as the preliminary arrangements are carried through, the Association will be incorporated by Royal Charter.

In the report by the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Art Unions, which recommends these Associations to the protection of the Legislature, it is said:—"The natural aim of high art is two-fold, the development of the highest moral and intellectual elements, their development with national modifications. For these two purposes an immense variety of preliminary requirements, quite distinct from the mere technical, is requisite. To direct and encourage the artistic mind of the country to the attainment of such acquirements, is a worthy object of ambition, and justifies the employment of a considerable portion of their funds in Societies, whose chief claim to public favour is their professed support of this very object."

Cordially agreeing with the sentiments expressed in the above quotation, the Committee take this opportunity of earnestly requesting the attention of all those who have not yet enrolled themselves as Members of the Association, to its great importance and usefulness as a National Institution.

Members for the present year 1846-47 will be entitled to copies of a line engraving, now being executed by Mr. William Miller, after a noble landscape of "Kilchurn Castle, on Loch Awe, Argyllshire," by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The picture is the property of Sir John S. Forbes, Bart., who has kindly placed it at the disposal of the Committee for the purpose of being engraved for the Members of the Association; and as well known to all lovers of Art, an engraving by Miller, from a Landscape by Turner, must necessarily be a work of no small value.

The Members for the last year will receive, in the course of a short time, copies of the engraving by Mr. Lumb Stocks, after Mr. James Eckford Landers's admirable picture of the "Ten Virgins." The Committee have much satisfaction in being able to announce that this engraving is the most perfect which has hitherto been distributed, and one of the finest examples of Line Engraving which has ever been produced in the United Kingdom. An impression from the Plate, which is now in the hands of the Printer, may be seen on application to the Honorary Secretaries.

All persons already enrolled as Members will be waited upon by the Collector, with receipts, with as little delay as possible. Those desirous of becoming Members for the current year are requested to furnish their names without loss of time to the Secretary and Agents of the Society, or to the Honorary Secretaries.

69, York Place, Edinburgh,  
January, 1847.

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